

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 587.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.



Three thousand people were killed and 50,000 rendered homeless by the fearful earthquake in southern Italy. The remarkable series of *Daily Mirror* photographs convey some idea of the awful havoc. The photographs show—(1) A wrecked wayside shrine, with peasants offering up thanks for their deliverance; (2) the King of Italy in his motor-car entering Monteleone; (3) the ruined church at Parghelia; (4) peasants of Tammaro, among the ruins of their homes, searching for their belongings; (5) the church at Stefanaconi; (6) all that remains of the village of Tammaro; and (7) ruins at Parghelia.

PERSONAL.

THANKS, dearest, present, ardently believed in—
SEPTEMBER 17.
"PAIN-EXCURSION" disco-red Lancel Liniment—the
Greatest Pain Cure.
MUNTE CARLO—back again. Longing to see you. Blue
and white. Write Eton P.O.—1905.
MISSING—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes
to reach a friend or relative who has disappeared abroad
in the Colonies or in the United States, or who has
been in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every
town in the whole world where any English-speaking
person is to be found. Reach him and let him know
of the "Over-Sea Daily Mail" and let him know of the
application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily
Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, Temple, London E.C.

* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m.
and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and
20 per word afterwards. They can be bought to the office
or sent by post with postal order. Trade ad.vertisements
in Personal Column eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word
after—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12
Whitehall Lane.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 8.
Charles Dickens
OILY & 3.18.
Dramatised by J. Comyns Carr.
Pagan THE CONQUEROR.
Hancy THE CONQUEROR.

MATINEES.

TO-MORROW (Wednesday), SATURDAY, Sept. 20;
and every following Saturday, at 2.15.

SCALA THEATRE. SCALA
CHARLOTTE-STREET, FLEETWOOD-SQUARE. W.
Proprietor, Mr. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Lessee, Mr. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
This Theatre is situated in the heart of the City, and is
NEXT, September 20th, at 8.15, with a dramatic fantasy
in four acts, entitled "THE CONQUEROR."

THE CONQUEROR.
By R. E. Fyfe.
Mr. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON and Miss GERTRUDE
ELLIOTT.
All seats may be booked in advance.
Box-office now open, 10 a.m. till 9 p.m.
—SCALA THEATRE.

THE COLISEUM, CHARMING CROSS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY at 8 o'clock
and 9 o'clock. The 8 o'clock programme is
entirely different from that at 9 o'clock. All seats
at 6 p.m. are available. The 8 o'clock programme
envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
PRICES: Boxes, 6s. 6d.; 1st. 4s. 6d.; 2nd. 3s. 6d.; 3rd. 2s. 6d.; 4th. 1s. 6d.; 5th. 1s. 6d.; 6th. 1s. 6d.; 7th. 1s. 6d.; 8th. 1s. 6d.; 9th. 1s. 6d.; 10th. 1s. 6d.; 11th. 1s. 6d.; 12th. 1s. 6d.; 13th. 1s. 6d.; 14th. 1s. 6d.; 15th. 1s. 6d.; 16th. 1s. 6d.; 17th. 1s. 6d.; 18th. 1s. 6d.; 19th. 1s. 6d.; 20th. 1s. 6d.; 21st. 1s. 6d.; 22nd. 1s. 6d.; 23rd. 1s. 6d.; 24th. 1s. 6d.; 25th. 1s. 6d.; 26th. 1s. 6d.; 27th. 1s. 6d.; 28th. 1s. 6d.; 29th. 1s. 6d.; 30th. 1s. 6d.; 31st. 1s. 6d.; 32nd. 1s. 6d.; 33rd. 1s. 6d.; 34th. 1s. 6d.; 35th. 1s. 6d.; 36th. 1s. 6d.; 37th. 1s. 6d.; 38th. 1s. 6d.; 39th. 1s. 6d.; 40th. 1s. 6d.; 41st. 1s. 6d.; 42nd. 1s. 6d.; 43rd. 1s. 6d.; 44th. 1s. 6d.; 45th. 1s. 6d.; 46th. 1s. 6d.; 47th. 1s. 6d.; 48th. 1s. 6d.; 49th. 1s. 6d.; 50th. 1s. 6d.; 51st. 1s. 6d.; 52nd. 1s. 6d.; 53rd. 1s. 6d.; 54th. 1s. 6d.; 55th. 1s. 6d.; 56th. 1s. 6d.; 57th. 1s. 6d.; 58th. 1s. 6d.; 59th. 1s. 6d.; 60th. 1s. 6d.; 61st. 1s. 6d.; 62nd. 1s. 6d.; 63rd. 1s. 6d.; 64th. 1s. 6d.; 65th. 1s. 6d.; 66th. 1s. 6d.; 67th. 1s. 6d.; 68th. 1s. 6d.; 69th. 1s. 6d.; 70th. 1s. 6d.; 71st. 1s. 6d.; 72nd. 1s. 6d.; 73rd. 1s. 6d.; 74th. 1s. 6d.; 75th. 1s. 6d.; 76th. 1s. 6d.; 77th. 1s. 6d.; 78th. 1s. 6d.; 79th. 1s. 6d.; 80th. 1s. 6d.; 81st. 1s. 6d.; 82nd. 1s. 6d.; 83rd. 1s. 6d.; 84th. 1s. 6d.; 85th. 1s. 6d.; 86th. 1s. 6d.; 87th. 1s. 6d.; 88th. 1s. 6d.; 89th. 1s. 6d.; 90th. 1s. 6d.; 91st. 1s. 6d.; 92nd. 1s. 6d.; 93rd. 1s. 6d.; 94th. 1s. 6d.; 95th. 1s. 6d.; 96th. 1s. 6d.; 97th. 1s. 6d.; 98th. 1s. 6d.; 99th. 1s. 6d.; 100th. 1s. 6d.; 101st. 1s. 6d.; 102nd. 1s. 6d.; 103rd. 1s. 6d.; 104th. 1s. 6d.; 105th. 1s. 6d.; 106th. 1s. 6d.; 107th. 1s. 6d.; 108th. 1s. 6d.; 109th. 1s. 6d.; 110th. 1s. 6d.; 111th. 1s. 6d.; 112th. 1s. 6d.; 113th. 1s. 6d.; 114th. 1s. 6d.; 115th. 1s. 6d.; 116th. 1s. 6d.; 117th. 1s. 6d.; 118th. 1s. 6d.; 119th. 1s. 6d.; 120th. 1s. 6d.; 121st. 1s. 6d.; 122nd. 1s. 6d.; 123rd. 1s. 6d.; 124th. 1s. 6d.; 125th. 1s. 6d.; 126th. 1s. 6d.; 127th. 1s. 6d.; 128th. 1s. 6d.; 129th. 1s. 6d.; 130th. 1s. 6d.; 131st. 1s. 6d.; 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573rd. 1s. 6d.; 574th. 1s. 6d.; 575th. 1s. 6d.; 576th. 1s. 6d.; 577th. 1s. 6d.; 578th. 1s. 6d.; 579th. 1s. 6d.; 580th. 1s. 6d.; 581st. 1s. 6d.; 582nd. 1s. 6d.; 583rd. 1s. 6d.; 584th. 1s. 6d.; 585th. 1s. 6d.; 586th. 1s. 6d.; 587th. 1s. 6d.; 588th. 1s. 6d.; 589th. 1s. 6d.; 590th. 1s. 6d.; 591st. 1s. 6d.; 592nd. 1s. 6d.; 593rd. 1s. 6d.; 594th. 1s. 6d.; 595th. 1s. 6d.; 596th. 1s. 6d.; 597th. 1s. 6d.; 598th. 1s. 6d.; 599th. 1s. 6d.; 600th. 1s. 6d.; 601st. 1s. 6d.; 602nd. 1s. 6d.; 603rd. 1s. 6d.; 604th. 1s. 6d.; 605th. 1s. 6d.; 606th. 1s. 6d.; 607th. 1s. 6d.; 608th. 1s. 6d.; 609th. 1s. 6d.; 610th. 1s. 6d.; 611st. 1s. 6d.; 612nd. 1s. 6d.; 613rd. 1s. 6d.; 614th. 1s. 6d.; 615th. 1s. 6d.; 616th. 1s. 6d.; 617th. 1s. 6d.; 618th. 1s. 6d.; 619th. 1s. 6d.; 620th. 1s. 6d.; 621st. 1s. 6d.; 622nd. 1s. 6d.; 623rd. 1s. 6d.; 624th. 1s. 6d.; 625th. 1s. 6d.; 626th. 1s. 6d.; 627th. 1s. 6d.; 628th. 1s. 6d.; 629th. 1s. 6d.; 630th. 1s. 6d.; 631st. 1s. 6d.; 632nd. 1s. 6d.; 633rd. 1s. 6d.; 634th. 1s. 6d.; 635th. 1s. 6d.; 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699th. 1s. 6d.; 700th. 1s. 6d.; 701st. 1s. 6d.; 702nd. 1s. 6d.; 703rd. 1s. 6d.; 704th. 1s. 6d.; 705th. 1s. 6d.; 706th. 1s. 6d.; 707th. 1s. 6d.; 708th. 1s. 6d.; 709th. 1s. 6d.; 710th. 1s. 6d.; 711st. 1s. 6d.; 712nd. 1s. 6d.; 713rd. 1s. 6d.; 714th. 1s. 6d.; 715th. 1s. 6d.; 716th. 1s. 6d.; 717th. 1s. 6d.; 718th. 1s. 6d.; 719th. 1s. 6d.; 720th. 1s. 6d.; 721st. 1s. 6d.; 722nd. 1s. 6d.; 723rd. 1s. 6d.; 724th. 1s. 6d.; 725th. 1s. 6d.; 726th. 1s. 6d.; 727th. 1s. 6d.; 728th. 1s. 6d.; 729th. 1s. 6d.; 730th. 1s. 6d.; 731st. 1s. 6d.; 732nd. 1s. 6d.; 733rd. 1s. 6d.; 734th. 1s. 6d.; 735th. 1s. 6d.; 736th. 1s. 6d.; 737th. 1s. 6d.; 738th. 1s. 6d.; 739th. 1s. 6d.; 740th. 1s. 6d.; 741st. 1s. 6d.; 742nd. 1s. 6d.; 743rd. 1s. 6d.; 744th. 1s. 6d.; 745th. 1s. 6d.; 746th. 1s. 6d.; 747th. 1s. 6d.; 748th. 1s. 6d.; 749th. 1s. 6d.; 750th. 1s. 6d.; 751st. 1s. 6d.; 752nd. 1s. 6d.; 753rd. 1s. 6d.; 754th. 1s. 6d.; 755th. 1s. 6d.; 756th. 1s. 6d.; 757th. 1s. 6d.; 758th. 1s. 6d.; 759th. 1s. 6d.; 760th. 1s. 6d.; 761st. 1s. 6d.; 762nd. 1s. 6d.; 763rd. 1s. 6d.; 764th. 1s. 6d.; 765th. 1s. 6d.; 766th. 1s. 6d.; 767th. 1s. 6d.; 768th. 1s. 6d.; 769th. 1s. 6d.; 770th. 1s. 6d.; 771st. 1s. 6d.; 772nd. 1s. 6d.; 773rd. 1s. 6d.; 774th. 1s. 6d.; 775th. 1s. 6d.; 776th. 1s. 6d.; 777th. 1s. 6d.; 778th. 1s. 6d.; 779th. 1s. 6d.; 780th. 1s. 6d.; 781st. 1s. 6d.; 782nd. 1s. 6d.; 783rd. 1s. 6d.; 784th. 1s. 6d.; 785th. 1s. 6d.; 786th. 1s. 6d.; 787th. 1s. 6d.; 788th. 1s. 6d.; 789th. 1s. 6d.; 790th. 1s. 6d.; 791st. 1s. 6d.; 792nd. 1s. 6d.; 793rd. 1s. 6d.; 794th. 1s. 6d.; 795th. 1s. 6d.; 796th. 1s. 6d.; 797th. 1s. 6d.; 798th. 1s. 6d.; 799th. 1s. 6d.; 800th. 1s. 6d.; 801st. 1s. 6d.; 802nd. 1s. 6d.; 803rd. 1s. 6d.; 804th. 1s. 6d.; 805th. 1s. 6d.; 806th. 1s. 6d.; 807th. 1s. 6d.; 808th. 1s. 6d.; 809th. 1s. 6d.; 810th.

M. WITTE TO THE "DAILY MIRROR."

Russian Envoy Describes His
Great Diplomatic Victory.

LOOKS LIKE A MOUJIK.

Letters Reach Him at Plymouth and
He Leaves for Berlin.

MAY SEE THE KAISER.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PLYMOUTH, Monday.—I have just had a most interesting interview with his Excellency Serge Witte, the great statesman who made peace for Russia, on board the North German-Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., which reached Plymouth this afternoon.

It was the only interview vouchsafed to an English newspaper man, for "Russia's strong man" had been thoroughly tired of talking before he left America, and was determined not to repeat the

that would not readily be forgotten, with shrewdness and hard common-sense imprinted on it, and with a touch of innate nobility. The face of a man who fears nothing, and has done and will do much.

"I have enjoyed the fast passage on this boat," said M. Witte slowly. "I knew that we should soon be at the English shore when I received the wireless telegram from the *Daily Mirror* early this morning on board."

Then he went on to speak of the fateful conference and the labour of Hercules that he had accomplished.

"I was tired out when I left America," he said. "My fatigue as the last hours of our deliberations drew near was very great. With early mornings, late nights, cables, messages, and the many other details to see to, there was scarcely any time to rest. I am, of course, pleased to the utmost that terms have been come to, and thoroughly satisfied with the conditions which have been accepted."

"It has been stated," suggested the *Daily Mirror*, "that at the Conference you often feigned carelessness, and that you did a good deal of bluffing."

The old statesman was quite eager to deny the soft impeachment.

"That is a mistake," he said. "It was stated that I left important papers lying around as if I did not care about them. That is wrong. And I never did any bluffing." And he shook his great head with emphasis.

"Did you show the outbursts of temper you are credited with during the negotiations?"

"No, I never showed violent signs of temper, but I will admit that at times the conditions of the situation were exasperating." He gave a positive nod, and smiled reminiscently.

"And the final acceptance of terms by Japan?"

"That was a surprise," said M. Witte emphatically, and with a satisfied though faint smile. "It

M. WITTE POSING FOR THE "MIRROR" YESTERDAY.



The Russian peace envoy arrived at Plymouth from New York on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. He gave an interview to the "Daily Mirror," and posed specially for our photographer-correspondent. He is holding in his hand newspaper clippings about himself handed to him by Herr Achilles, vice-president of the North German Lloyd, who met him at Plymouth.

fatiguing experience during his short stay in English waters.

In response, however, to a wireless telegram of welcome from the *Daily Mirror*, M. Witte made a notable exception in my favour.

M. Witte was leaning over the taffrail in conversation with a friend when I first caught sight of him.

M. Korostowitz introduced me with a graceful gesture and a courteous word or two, and I bowed to the man who saved Russia. Only an ordinary man after all. I had expected something kingly and majestic in his mien—something that would tell me I was in the presence of a great man.

But M. Witte is not theatrically great. Imagine a great, loose-knit giant—6ft. 2in. at least—dressed in a loose lounge suit of grey, wearing a black bowler hat, and carrying a stout crook stick, a veritable cut-throat worthy of his weight and stature. Not a bright, alert-looking man, though there was strength in every line of the rugged face, with its rather flat nose and grey, unkempt beard, in the great, loose shoulders, and in the strong, virile hands. M. Witte was once a man of the people, and he looked a man of the people still. A face

was, of course, the last meeting for discussion of peace proposals, but we had no idea that any more business would be done. The breach seemed irreparable, and the Russian delegates had no intention but that of going home at once. We concluded it would be purely a formal leave-taking of the Japanese delegates. We had all our clothes packed to proceed to St. Petersburg when Japan said "Yes." And so it happens that I have the treaty in my possession for the ratification of my Sovereign.

Mr. Witte added that he should disembark at Cherbourg and proceed to Berlin for a couple of days. It would depend on the messages he received at the Russian Embassy when Japan said "Yes." And so it happens that I have the treaty in my possession for the ratification of my Sovereign.

At Berlin he may see the Kaiser.

"And now good-bye." A huge hand was held out—the hand of a moujik; a loose sort of grip was given; and the great Russian ambled off to the taffrail again. There he remained, obdurate to all would-be interviewers till the Kaiser Wilhelm II. arrived, at the end of an hour, on her voyage to Cherbourg.

American saloon passengers said that the Minister seldom had his meals in the saloon with the other passengers. He had a private dining-room of his own, and revelled in the privacy it afforded.

'CRYSTAL PALACE: ADMISSION NOTHING!'

A Record-Breaking Programme Arranged for "Daily Mirror" Readers Next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

MAGIC COUPONS THAT OPEN THE DOORS.

The day after to-morrow will witness the beginning of the most gigantic enterprise ever undertaken by any newspaper.

On that day and the two following days the *Daily Mirror* invites all its 351,000 readers and their friends to go to the Crystal Palace free of charge.

All that our readers have to do is to cut a coupon out of the *Daily Mirror* on any or all of the three days, September 21, 22, 23, and present it at the gates of the Crystal Palace. They will immediately be admitted, and for thirteen hours on each of those days they can witness the greatest and most varied programme ever presented anywhere.

"We worked very hard to arrange a good programme last year for the *Daily Mirror*," said Mr. J. Cozens, the manager of the Crystal Palace, yesterday, "but that was child's-play compared to what we are doing for your readers this year. Day

ordinary preparations in order to supply an extraordinary demand. Here are a few items:—

100,000 slices of bread-and-butter.
300,000 bottles of mineral waters.
100,000 rolls.
100,000 loaves of butter.
100,000 pieces of cake.
3,000 gallons of milk.
25,000 French pastries.
20,000 sandwiches.

Moreover, there will be at least 1,400 attendants at the eighty-seven refreshment rooms and stalls throughout the three *Mirror* Days, so our guests need not be afraid of starving.

The railways, too, are making every preparation to deal with the enormous crowds which will swell their way to the Palace on September 21, 22, and 23.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast,
The Great Western,
The Great Northern,
The Great Central,
The South-Eastern and Chatham,
The London and South-Western,
The London and North-Western,

are one and all making special arrangements to bring our readers up from every station on their vast systems to enjoy our gala days at the Crystal Palace.

And what days they will be. How many of you have ever seen the Somalis who fought for the Mad Mullah against our troops in Africa?

Not many! Well, you can all see them for nothing on the *Daily Mirror* days.

Amongst these Somalis is the chief who stole the Mullah's horse and rode off to join the British. Another still bears the mark of the Mullah's vengeance in the shape of a deep sword-cut just above the ankle. All day long these Somalis can be seen working in their village surrounded by their wives and little ones.

How many of you have seen a bear ride on horseback? Well, come to the Palace on Thursday, Friday, or Saturday next and you shall see it free of cost.

CRICKET'S GRAND OLD MAN.
The whole world has heard of that Grand Old Man of cricket, the great Dr. W. G. Grace. How many of our readers have actually seen him playing cricket? He will be playing on Saturday, September 23.

Just one word to our readers who live in the country. Very often you do not get your *Daily Mirror* delivered until eight o'clock owing to the fact that you live so far from any town. Don't worry about providing yourself with a *Daily Mirror* before you start for London on the *Daily Mirror* gala days. There will be a plentiful supply of *Daily Mirrors* on all the stalls in the neighbourhood of the Palace and also at the gates of the Palace itself. You can purchase your *Daily Mirror* at the gates of the Crystal Palace, cut the coupons out, present it, and be admitted free. Come as early as you like and stay as long as you like. Come all three days. We shall be delighted to see you.

What we want is to give you three days' real enjoyment, and as the programme shows, we have entered for every taste.

FREE DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Thursday, Sept. 21 - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Friday, Sept. 22 - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

(Children's Day)

Saturday, Sept. 23 - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

(Sports Day)

On any one of these dates you can obtain Free Admission to the Crystal Palace by producing a Coupon cut from the "Daily Mirror" published on that day.

and night I and my staff have been working in order to put up a programme suitable for such an occasion."

A glance at the programme is sufficient to show that Mr. Cozens's exertions have been crowned with success. Everyone has been catered for, and the best of every kind of amusement will be set before our readers. All, then, that you have got to do is to come and see what we have provided for you. Don't be afraid that there won't be room for you. We can easily arrange for 200,000 each day. Don't be afraid of the crush. There will not be a crush, because every arrangement has been made to prevent such an unpleasant contingency. Last year we had 200,000 guests and not a single accident occurred. Mothers, don't be afraid on Friday (children's day) that you can possibly lose your children. It is impossible, because Mr. Cozens, with his usual thoughtfulness, has provided a "home for lost children" in the corner of the concert-room, and there a staff of nurses will look after all the little ones who are brought to them.

Cycles may be stored in the Palace Parade and motor-cars at the Alexandra Gate.

Don't be afraid that you will be unable to obtain food. Messrs. Lyons and Co. are making extra

CRYSTAL PALACE FREE ADMISSION TO "DAILY MIRROR" READERS.

SYNOPSIS OF COLOSSAL PROGRAMME ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

10 a.m.—Somali Village, the home of the Mad Mullah's followers. Sir Hiram Maxins's Firing Machine. Huge Captive Balloon. Topsy-Turvy Railway.

11 a.m.—Grand Organ Recital on the great organ in the Centre Transsept.

11.30 a.m.—Exhibition of Lions, Bears, Ponies—the cleverest animals in the world.

12.30 p.m.—Cafe Chantant—engagement of special artists.

1 p.m.—Crystal Palace Band will perform "Daily Mirror March," composed by Mr. Newman and Mr. Herbert Godfrey, bandmaster.

1.30 p.m.—Great variety Entertainment in Centre Transsept. The Foy Kindergarten and amusing Tug-of-War—two lions against nine men.

2 p.m.—Grand display by the warriors of the Somali Village. War dance and procession of camels, zebras, and elephants.

2.30 p.m.—Stupendous aerial feat by Miss Ella Zulla, the Champion Lady Hand Wire Walker.

3 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Scots Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens.

3.30 p.m.—Great Exhibition of Models—Fulham F.C. v. Crystal Palace F.C.—on the historic "Cup" ground.

4 p.m.—Grand Entertainment in the Theatre. Little Maids in famous child artist. Coon songs, recitations, etc.

4.30 p.m.—Variety Entertainment in Centre Transsept. Bears on horseback. Mr. Newman will sing "Queen of the Earth" in the lions' cage.

5 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Coldstream Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens.

5.30 p.m.—Miss Ella Zulla will rival Blondin's feat and walk on a wire 200ft. above the ground the whole length of the Terrace.

6 p.m.—Grand Organ Recital in Centre Transsept.

6.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Scots Guards in North Tower Gardens. Entertainment in the Theatre.

7 p.m.—Wonderful Animal Entertainment in Centre Transsept—16 lions, 12 ponies, and 5 performing bears.

8 p.m.—Gorgeous Illumination of Crystal Palace Park and Gardens by myriads of fairy-lamps.

8.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.

9 p.m.—Monster Display of Fireworks—sheet of flame half a mile long and half a mile high. Special set-pieces.

9.30 p.m.—Grand Massed Band Concert by the bands of H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards in Centre Transsept.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22—CHILDREN'S DAY.

Programme similar to that of Thursday, but with special features intended for the little ones. Baby elephants, baby lions, baby performers. Firework display, specially designed and arranged to please the children.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23—SPORTS DAY.

Programme similar to that of Thursday, but with extra features as follows:—

12 p.m.—Cricket Match—London County C.C. (captained by Dr. V. G. Grace) v. Bromley Town C.C.

2.30 p.m.—Great Bow Accents by members of the Aero Club.

3 p.m.—Cycling N.C.U. ten miles championship.

Final of Turf Cup (Leona Meredith, world's champion; H. C. Buck, British Empire champion; V. B. Casey, London mile champion).

3.30 p.m.—Southern League Match—Crystal Palace F.C. v. Leyton F.C.

THE KING'S REVIEW AT EDINBURGH.

Impressive March Past of Nearly
40,000 Citizen Soldiers.

SIR T. LIPTON HURT.

His Majesty the King received a magnificent welcome at Edinburgh yesterday when he arrived at eight o'clock in the morning to review the great gathering of Scottish Volunteers.

The King looked exceedingly well, and was evidently pleased with the hearty reception.

In a carriage with four postillions and outriders he drove through the cheering masses to Holyrood, and after breakfast there was the time-honoured ceremony of presenting the keys of the city to the King by the Lord Provost and magistrates.

Shortly afterwards the great pageant of the day began.

Close on ten o'clock the Royal Company of Archers—his Majesty's Royal Bodyguard—under the command of Captain-General the Duke of Buccleuch and headed by their pipers, marched across the parade ground. Armed with bows and



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

arrows, the Archers made a most imposing show in their dark green uniforms with grey goose feather in their caps.

The Archers number in their ranks the leading noblemen and gentry in Scotland. Brigadier-General Sir S. Lockhart, the Earl of Dalkeith, the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl of Stair, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir James Fergusson, the Earl of Elgin, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh were among them.

No more picturesque spot could be imagined for a review. Gradually the great amphitheatre formed by the towering mountain crest of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags grew black as the people mustered in their thousands, while down below, at the base under the scarred rocks, the infantry gathered in three divisions in front of the parade ground, with Holyrood's historic pile setting off the picture to the left.

Mounted on a magnificent bay charger, and dressed in the uniform of a field-marshal, his breast glittering with orders, his Majesty rode forth from the Palace to the parade-ground.

A thunderous roar of applause from the crowded hillsides greeted his appearance.

The March-Past.

After reaching the saluting flag he first inspected the Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans and ex-Volunteers, and then rode round the line.

Returning to the saluting-point, his Majesty was at once surrounded by his bodyguard under the Royal Standard, and then the march-past began. In hurried masses the lines of men swept past, and mounted men leading the way, followed by engineers and artillery and three divisions of infantry—close on 40,000 men out of Scotland's total strength of 52,000.

It was here that the only mishap occurred, a very unfortunate accident befalling Sir Thomas Lipton.

As Hon. Colonel of the 2nd Lanark Engineers he was leading his men past his Majesty when his horse became restive, and throwing him, kicked him in the face. Professor Annandale, who attended him, was fortunately able to report that Sir Thomas was not seriously injured. Although very much shaken and bruised, Sir Thomas was able to keep the field. His Majesty was especially concerned, and one of the staff officers procured early information as to Sir Thomas's condition.

INVENTOR SENT TO GAOL.

Astounding Career of Fraud of a
"Magic Kettle" Exhibitor.

The scientist who interested thousands of Londoners with his demonstrations of the "Magic Kettle" at a certain West End place of amusement last autumn made quite a different kind of public appearance yesterday at the Old Bailey.

His name was Maxim Boyd Hart, his age was given as twenty-eight, and he was described as a scientist.

He was convicted of forging an endorsement on a bill of exchange, and there were made concerning him a remarkable series of revelations, which led the Commissioner to remark that Hart was a clever man, who, instead of being in the dock, should be occupying a distinguished position.

The police, proving previous convictions, said Hart had had a remarkable career. He was born in America, but educated in Germany. He was convicted of fraud in 1901, received twenty-three months' hard labour in the following year, and then reappeared in lodgings at Buckingham West in January, 1904, with a woman who, he said, was his bride.

Cashing with the landlady a cheque which was dishonoured, he disappeared, became secretary to a journalist, and opening an account at the London and Westminster Bank, did well for a time in a monetary sense, and then discreetly retired into obscurity.

Next he was a clerk at 25s. a week, and then he blossomed forth on the stage, exhibiting the well-known "Magic Kettle," and receiving for some time £40 to £60 a week.

He incurred debts in other people's names, embezzled money, obtained goods without paying for them, and then pawned them, and perpetrated other frauds by means of worthless cheques.

On his own behalf Hart lamented that his great misfortune was that he was not a business man and had been exploited by business agents. He was, he said, the inventor of a machine in France for making liquid air in large quantities. He was a Doctor of Philosophy of Leipzig.

JAPANESE NAVAL SCANDAL.

Three Paymasters Accused of Having Embezzled £33,000 in Twelve Months.

TOKIO, Sunday.—The embezzlement of 330,000 yen (about £33,000) by three naval paymasters has come to light.

The embezzlements went on for a year without their being discovered, and consequently a feeling of distrust and uneasiness prevails with regard to the naval administration.—Reuter Special.

MR. TAFT ON TOKIO RIOTS.

YOKOHAMA, Monday.—Mr. Taft, United States Secretary for War, and his party sailed yesterday for San Francisco, amid much Japanese enthusiasm.

Mr. Taft said he thought that the importance of the anti-peace demonstrations had been greatly exaggerated. He had not found any anti-foreign feeling. Americans had been involved in the Tokio riots, because they had been caught in the mob, and not because they were Americans.—Reuter.

Miss Alice Roosevelt will leave Japan for the United States by the steamer Siberia.

RIOTOUS CHINAMEN SHOT.

Rand Coolies Bolt To Get £4 a Month for Fighting the English.

JOHANNESBURG, Monday.—A fatal disturbance occurred at the Geldenhuys Deep Mine this morning.

The Chinese took a holiday on Wednesday, although offered extra pay for work. They pretended to recommence at midnight on Sunday, but refused to start when called upon, and attacked and injured the compound manager.

The police, who were summoned, fired, killing one man and wounding another.

A hundred Chinamen from the French Rand Mine bolted last night with the object of finding a man who had spread a report that the Boers were enlisting coolies at £4 a month to fight the English.

The authorities are endeavouring to find the author of the hoax.—Reuter.

BRITISH COAL FOR BAKU.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—According to Baku telegrams the plants of twenty-one oil companies and thirteen private owners have been completely destroyed.

It is stated that six million pounds of naphtha residues required by the Kizan-Ural Railway will be replaced by British coal.—Reuter.

VICTIMS OF ALPINE FOG.

GREYSONAY ST. JEAN, Monday.—Three guides, with a tourist named Vincent Marmo, perished on Monte Rosa on the 15th inst., after wandering about for thirty-six hours in a thick fog on the Lysjoch.—Reuter.

DR. NANSEN'S POST.

Famous Explorer Will Probably Represent Norway in London.

FATE OF THE LAPPS.

The most interesting news concerning the Swedish-Norwegian difficulty is the report that Dr. Nansen will take high office under the new Norwegian Government.

A prominent Norwegian in London, who is in close touch with affairs in Christiania, states that Dr. Nansen will probably be the first minister to represent the new Norwegian Government at the Court of St. James.

So great is the popularity of the famous explorer-statesman in Norway that he would be one of the possible candidates for the presidency if a republic should be chosen by the people as the future form of government.

It is more than probable, however, that Norway will become a monarchy and that Dr. Nansen will be honoured with the most important diplomatic post which his country has to offer. The Swedish and Norwegian delegates met at Karlstad again yesterday morning, and, although no official account of the proceedings has been published, it is generally believed that there will be no difficulty in arriving at a settlement upon the lines already indicated. But it is not expected that the peace terms will be finally decided upon until next week.

Warlike Preparations.

Neither the Swedish nor Norwegian newspapers adopted a very pacific tone yesterday. Reports of travellers who had been in Norway said that extensive military preparations had been made in that country. Peasants were cutting down trees and barricading roads.

But this happened before the compromise was mooted, and the belligerent tone of the newspapers, which has partly been due to this and similar reports, will probably become more pacific in the next few days. Swedish newspapers say that all such preparations must cease at the conference.

The future of the Laplanders in the north of Sweden is one of the most interesting questions to be settled between the two countries.

Norway will no doubt consent to the annual migration of this dying race into its territory during the summer months.

This pilgrimage of the Laplanders is made necessary because their flocks of reindeer, upon which they subsist, are unable to survive the Swedish summers.

FAMINE AFTER EARTHQUAKE.

Shattered Italy Now in the Grip of Hunger and Pestilence.

Pestilence and famine are now making more victims in Southern Italy than the terrible earthquakes, and continued violent earth tremors keep the inhabitants in a state of panic.

The building of huts and cottages in the earthquake-stricken districts is proceeding rapidly, states Reuter, on plans agreed upon by the military authorities and the civil engineers.

The difficulties are enormous, owing to the great distances to be covered, the hilly roads, and the lack of transport facilities.

It is officially stated that seventy-seven communes were damaged in the province of Cosenza, 11 in the province of Reggio di Calabria, and eighty-one in the province of Catanzaro.

BOILED IN A SPRING.

Lady Visitor to Yellowstone Park Scalded to Her Waist.

The story of a peculiar fatal accident comes from Livingston, Montana.

While touring in Yellowstone Park, Miss Fannie Wickers, a young lady visitor from Washington, was watching one of the famous geysers, when a sudden gale of wind blew a sheet of blinding spray in her face.

To avoid getting wet she stepped backwards, and fell into a boiling spring up to her waist.

Although she was taken out immediately she was burned so fearfully that she died soon afterwards.

The water was 3ft. deep, and bubbled as in a kettle.

FLOODS IN SPAIN.

SARAGOSSA, Monday.—The Rivers Jalon and Jiloca have overflowed their banks. The railways have been interrupted near Calatayud and other points, and the damage done is considerable.

Hundreds of houses have been flooded, and great damage has been done to property.—Reuter.

£2,000 AMONG RAGS.

Large Sum Found Hidden in Welsh Lodgings of "Long Firm" Suspects.

There were some sensational discoveries made at the arrest at Aberystwyth of William Leslie and Miss Frances Cheeseman, both of Putney, who were "wanted" with George Webber and Richard Rosenberg, on a charge of conspiring to defraud—a charge said to involve £30,000.

It was about a month ago that Leslie and Miss Cheeseman arrived at the Welsh resort, and at their lodgings in Smithfield-road they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Bond.

When Leslie was arrested at the railway station on Saturday night he strenuously denied his identity, but was taken in custody, Miss Cheeseman's arrest rapidly following.

The police then made an examination of the lodgings. Hidden in a bundle of rags belonging to the female prisoner they found gold and notes to the value of £2,000.

A further search in the boxes left by the prisoners at the railway station was rewarded by the discovery of £4,000 more in gold. The money was contained in bags, and hidden amongst the contents of the boxes. Further discoveries of notes, valuable diamond rings, and other jewellery bring the amount up to £7,950.

Leslie and Miss Cheeseman will be brought up at the Guildhall to-day, when a formal remand will be granted.

RATES AT 20s. 8d. IN THE £.

Villagers "Strike" Against the Heaviest Taxation on Record.

In the Island of Barra (N.B.), the local rates have reached a record—20s. 8d. in the pound.

The result has been a deadlock, as many of the inhabitants refuse to pay. An inquiry has been ordered by the Local Government Board.

Owing to the people refusing to pay the Poor-rates, the local administration has broken down. The paupers entitled to outdoor relief have not been paid for weeks, and it is said that over sixty frail old people have been compelled to beg from door to door to save themselves from starvation.

SCPTICAL LABOUR M.P.

General Booth's Emigration Scheme Receives Much Hostile Criticism.

General Booth's great scheme for the emigration of thousands of families to Australia, which he believes to be the solution of the unemployed problem, is not to be allowed to pass without criticism.

Mr. William Crooks, M.P., sent the following reply to an inquiry by the *Daily Mirror* as to the opinion of the Labour Party:—

The Colonies want our best. So do we. After the land laws, and give such men a chance at home. Then if they desire to go, let them volunteer, not be starved into it.

Mr. Johnson, the secretary of the Independent Labour Party, says: "Plenty of work for all the unemployed could be found in England."

"If you take 20,000 men away you take away also the work of feeding and clothing them. General Booth's project will never solve the unemployed problem."

ROLLING EYES IN CHAPEL.

Singular Story of "a Wicked Lawyer" and Bankruptcy Proceedings.

Whether it is unwise to sit in church when others stand, and "roll one's eyes about the building," was the question before the Gravesend magistrates yesterday.

The Rev. Dr. Duncan, who recently, it will be remembered, was the victim of a cruel practical joke—tradesmen being sent to his house on the intimation he was dead—complained that Richard Purill was guilty of "contemptuously disturbing a religious service."

Purill, said the doctor, had been a member of the congregation, and one Sunday, after sitting and rolling his eyes, waved a stick and followed him to the vestry.

All that was required was an apology, and this Purill absolutely refused to give.

In cross-examination, Dr. Duncan admitted he held an American degree, and that he had filed his petition in consequence of "a wicked lawyer who was endeavouring to extort £200 from him which he did not owe."

After further evidence the case was dismissed.

ANOTHER POLISH ASSASSINATION.

Three workmen at Warsaw yesterday shot and killed a political detective. The assassins escaped.

The Socialist Party (says Reuter) has issued proclamations demanding contributions in support of the revolution and calling upon the peasants to refuse to pay the Government taxes.

PARLIAMENT OF THE BABY.

1,100 Men and Women Meet To

Discuss Children.

SPINSTER SCIENTISTS.

LIVERPOOL, Monday.—The great baby congress is in full swing to-day. One thousand one hundred men and women, from seventeen different countries, assembled at the university to "talk babies." Not in the fashion of fond mothers, of course, but in a strictly scientific spirit.

To these learned men and women the baby is no "ducky-darling" or "popsy-wopsy," but an object of cold scientific scrutiny—a mass of protoplasm, interesting enough, as protoplasm, but no more sacred than a star-fish.

Of course the majority of the scientific women were spinsters—ladies like the traditional caricature of the touring Englishman. There were a few real mothers of babies, but they had rather a shame-faced look. They seemed to feel that they had little real knowledge of the subject—only a rough and ready rule-of-thumb idea as compared with their spare sisters and the grey-bearded bachelor scientists.

"Un-Mother's" Meeting.

It was made evident that the first conference on Babyology is not to be the last. M. Binet, a French Babyologist, who is director of the Laboratory of Psychology at the Sorbonne, Paris, appeals for a permanent international committee to meet each year in a different country, and discuss babies in all their bearings. "This will probably mean an international 'un-mother's' meeting" every year, for it is scientific spinsters who are most interested.

One of the truest friends of the baby seems to be M. Van Biersch, Professor at the University of Ghent. Thousands of over-schooled babies in England would pronounce his name with gratitude, if it were not to pronounce at all. For the learned professor thinks children should have more recreation and shorter school hours. He also thinks children should be allowed to "fidget" and move about at lessons, as is the fixed habit of babies. "It is torture," he said, "to exact immobility. When we adults read or write we at intervals get up and walk about and stretch ourselves. This light exercise promotes the circulation."

"Therefore, in addition to ordinary outdoor recreations, I suggest that every hour the older boys ought to be allowed to get up and walk around the schoolroom. The same process should be gone through every half-hour by the younger ones."

M. Tourt, another French professor, agreed that school hours were too exacting for little boys and girls—a sentiment which should raise M. Tourt to the level of Jack the Giant Killer as a nursery hero.

After all the talk was over, the 1,100 spinsters, matrons, and men visited a vast collection of babies in the Women's Palace, and saw what real live, lusty babies were like.

SAVED BY A DOG.

Faithful Pet Prevents His Mistress from Taking Her Own Life.

To the sagacity and tenacity of a dog, Catherine Fowler, an elderly woman, living at Stoke Newington, undoubtedly owes her life.

On Sunday evening other lodgers in the house where she lived were at first mystified by the conduct of Mrs. Fowler's dog. He was at first restless and then he gradually worked himself into a state of excitement so pronounced that it could not be ignored.

He then started growling and scratching at the cellar door. Two of the lodgers opened this and found Mrs. Fowler suspended from a beam and back in the face.

Below her was a chair that had been kicked away. Assistance was brought, and her life was saved. On a charge of attempted suicide she was remanded at North London Police Court yesterday.

JO-JITSU SAVES A POLICEMAN.

A witness who went to the assistance of a harassed policeman at Fulham told the West London magistrate yesterday that, having studied the Japanese style of wrestling, he gave the prisoner a "luck" which soon made him release the officer.

DEVOTED TO WITZOFF.

Bigamist's Girl-Victim Declares That She Loves Him in Spite of All.

The stage is my real avocation. I shall go back to it. I shall be an actress. I will work for my child until he writes for me. And when he writes (?) I shall return to him—the father of my child.

These are the avowed plans of Alice Bell, one of the English victims of the notorious bigamist Witzoff, who, now deserted, has returned to the shelter of her Peckham home.

But she does not return as an injured girl—she is but a girl still, although the mother of a fine, bouncing boy infant. She still has faith in Witzoff. She denies he has deserted her for another woman. He has, she says, gone to a situation, and when he has settled up certain things he will send for her and their child.

Alice Bell's faith in Witzoff is one of those attributes of a woman that make men marvel.

She recalls how lovingly her "husband" bade her farewell with affectionate kisses and an admonition to trust in him and a brighter future.

At her home Miss Bell has been received with open arms—not a word about her misfortune, but a real heartfelt welcome for her and the little stranger.

"I know," she said in the course of an interview, "that Albert was wicked. I knew it—I could see with my own eyes. He told me so himself. Ah, but he was not a quarter as wicked as people make him out. He was so kind—a more generous-hearted man never lived. He was better than me in many things."

"I am glad to be able to say that when everybody else is crying him down. Yes, he was much better than I. He was always good to me, and I still love him."

Alice Bell plaintively remarked that Witzoff had told her that he had married several women in America, but not so many as had been stated.

She concluded that she could not help loving him, and seemed confident that he would return to her.

HOW TO RECOGNISE WITZOFF.

The following facts about Witzoff may aid in his identification.

He loves a good dinner and frequents high-class restaurants. He always dines alone, and is apt to talk of the news of the day in loud tones. He wears his dinner napkin tucked under his chin, but is a well-mannered man, and is always well dressed.

A BLIGHTED ROMANCE.

Brief Dream of Wedded Life Abruptly Ends with an Arrest for Bigamy.

A pathetic little love-story was told by a pale-faced, seventeen-year-old girl—Annie MacCann—at the Preston Police Court yesterday.

She was giving evidence against Richard Astley, aged thirty, of Blackburn, who she said made love to her and represented himself as a single man. She went through a form of marriage with him, but was soon deserted, only to find that he had a wife living at Blackburn.

When she pleaded to him to return to her, he responded with such brutality that a passer-by intervened, remarking: "Don't take it out of a little girl like that. Kick me."

When arrested, Astley, who was found to be living with a third woman at Burnley, coolly observed: "All right. I will not get above three months."—Remanded.

NEW "JEKYLL AND HYDE."

Respectable Citizen by Day, but an Armed Desperado by Night.

Mr. Commissioner Rentoul, at the Old Bailey yesterday, was so perplexed over a case that he consulted his brother Judges before pronouncing sentence.

A young man, Charles Callaghan, had been found guilty of shooting another man in Bethnal Green with a revolver.

At the same time this young man had held one situation for five years, and worked hard by day, but at night he associated with the worst characters in the neighbourhood, and belonged to a gang of armed desperados, whose object was to take vengeance on the family of the man, John Bailey, who was shot.

Eventually he was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

EULOGY CAME TOO LATE.

"No better wife never existed. God bless her," said Henry Winn, an elderly man convicted at Lambeth yesterday for a particularly brutal assault on Mrs. Winn.

His specious praise, however, did not help him with Mr. Hopkins, who sternly ordered him six months' hard labour.

Estate of the gross value of £8,919 was left by Mr. George Mitchemore Nelder, of Heathfields, Sussex, late messman in the Royal Navy.

WANDERING BRIDE.

Loses Memory on Wedding Morn and Walks for Many Hours.

DISTRACTED BRIDEGROOM

Amazement and anxiety suddenly seized a joyful wedding party, including the bridegroom, waiting for the bride in St. Paul's Church, Balsall Heath, Birmingham, on Saturday, when it became known that the bride, Miss Nellie Shaw, had disappeared from her home.

The news came as a painful shock to the bridegroom, Mr. R. H. Davies, who was deeply attached to Miss Shaw. His solicitude for his betrothed instantly conjured up the worst fears, and his mental agony showed itself in his deathly pallor and extreme agitation.

Messengers stated that the wedding carriages were waiting outside Miss Shaw's residence, and that it was understood she had gone out earlier in the morning to buy a pair of gloves, but had not returned.

Relatives and friends instantly set to work to make inquiries in all directions, but beyond learning that Miss Shaw had purchased a pair of gloves in the neighbourhood nothing could be discovered.

The police were informed, and throughout the day descriptions of the girl were being telephoned and telegraphed in every direction.

Night came, and no news of the missing bride came to her alarmed relations and the distracted bridegroom.

Through the long night they pursued their inquiries, Mr. Davies being quite prostrated by his grief and exertions.

All Night in the Open Air.

Not until Sunday, at noon, were the seekers rewarded. Then Miss Shaw was discovered under remarkable circumstances.

While driving a trap to Alvechurch, about eight miles from Balsall Heath, Police-sergeant Chare saw a young woman walking wearily and dejectedly in front of him.

Something in her appearance recalled the description he had circulated of the missing bride; and, reining in his horse, he spoke to her.

"May I ask, madam, what you are doing here?" With troubled eyes she gazed on him in silence; but by kindly questioning he gathered at last that her name was "Shaw." Further information she seemed too dazed to be able to give.

Lifting her into his trap, and obtaining her a cup of tea from a wayside cottage, he drove her back to her home.

From Miss Shaw herself no clear account of what happened has yet been obtained, but it is evident from her confusion that she had been wandering about the country all night.

It is believed that after buying the gloves she completely lost her memory—possibly through excitement.

Thanks to careful attention, Miss Shaw, who is naturally rather delicate, was last night making good progress towards recovery, and the wedding will probably not be postponed for long.

BROTHER'S AWFUL CRIME.

Youth of Seventeen Confesses That He Killed His Sister.

When arrested at Portsmouth on a charge of having murdered his sister, Frank Hansford, a youth of seventeen, said:—

"Yes, I did it. The spots made me do it!" At the police court where he was charged yesterday, it was explained that he was referring to some spots on the skin from which he suffered.

The evidence showed that Mr. and Mrs. Hansford left Beatrice, a young woman of twenty-four, at home with her brother Frank. When the parents returned they were horrified to find their daughter dead, with her throat cut, and signs of a terrible struggle about the room.

No motive could be found for the crime, and the brother, who had been arrested on the sea-path a few hours later, was remanded for a week.

NOT SAFE TO UNDRESS.

"I believe it is customary for men in your line of business to sleep in their clothes," said a jurymen to the mate of a barge at the inquest at Newington yesterday on the latter's son, who was drowned in the Thames.

"We very rarely pull them off," replied the mate, "as we should have no time to dress if we were run into by a steamer."

£16,000 FOR MISSIONARIES.

By the will of Mrs. Catherine Blanchard, of Camerton Hall, and of Castlehead, Keswick, Cumberland, who died on July 24, the Church Missionary Society benefits to the extent of nearly £16,000.

In 1893 Mrs. Blanchard built and endowed West Seaton Church and Vicarage at a cost of over £15,000.

APOSTLE OF STRENGTH

Mr. Eugen Sandow's Wonderful Reception on His Return to England.

That great apostle of physical culture, Mr. Eugen Sandow, landed at Dover yesterday on his return from the East. Both there and at Charing Cross he was cheered to the echo. The great crowd at Charing Cross, stretching right across the road, was eloquent testimony of the veneration felt for him as the apostle of health and strength.

In a travel of eighteen months Sandow has visited the East, and particularly India. Back with him he has brought thirty-two men of different nationalities—men, for the most part, picked out for their delicate constitutions. And with these subjects he proposes to demonstrate the value of his system. Others of his entourage are strong men—wrestlers, he says, who can beat any wrestlers in the world. "I wanted," said Mr. Sandow, "to learn all I could from the East, and I wanted to teach them what I know. I learnt little, but I had a wonderful time myself."

"In Calcutta, for instance, over 6,000 people were turned away from the hall at a time. In Bombay a rich Parsee, Mr. Thungibhoj Bomanji, a sufferer from elephantiasis, who had visited England in search of relief, had been operated upon without result, paid me £10,000 to cure him. It meant a stay of six months in Bombay, but the cure was perfect."

When Mr. Sandow had to leave he was offered £30,000 to stay for three years. But, loudly as the East had called, England called louder, and Mr. Sandow had to return.

"Now," said Mr. Sandow, "I am about to retire from the stage, and devote myself to the physical improvement of the race."

"When you play golf you concentrate your mind on the ball or your opponent. That is no good for the muscles. You must concentrate your mind on the particular muscle, or set of muscles, you wish to exercise. You can take this exercise to the desk; in fact, anywhere, and a sedentary life is no excuse for a man getting flabby or fat."

"A weak man who is fat and heavy I can make strong, and he will weigh no less. A strong athlete who has put on flesh I can reduce in weight, and restore his muscles to their pristine suppleness and vigour."

There was a pretty little picture on Dover pier, where Mr. Sandow's mother and his little daughter Helene and some friends were waiting to meet him.

The little flaxen-haired girl of nine, perched on her father's shoulder, was the prettiest feature of the ceremony.

MARRIAGE TANGLE.

Wife Who Thrashed a Burlesque Actress Swoons Before the Magistrates.

A man and his wife and—a burlesque actress. These were the principal characters in a matrimonial drama that yesterday occupied the attention of the Croydon magistrates.

On behalf of the wife of Alfred Michael Solomon, of Lupus-street, Pimlico, Mr. Cudby asked for a maintenance order against Solomon.

Fifteen years ago the parties were married. Then the wife discovered he was corresponding with a burlesque actress, who, in one of her letters, referred to him as "her little hubby," and in one letter wrote, "I wish it was bed time. I shall not say my prayers holding your hands in mine, same as I did once."

Last April Mrs. Solomon thrashed the actress at a house where the latter was residing with her husband.

Mrs. Solomon was undergoing severe cross-examination as to her own conduct when she fell down in a swoon. Ultimately the Bench dismissed the wife's summons.

UNSPEAKABLE SAUSAGE.

A foreign horse-dealer, who was sent to prison at the Thames Police Court yesterday for cruelty to horses, admitted that he was going to ship the wretched animals abroad for sausage-making purposes.

BAKED APPLES GROWING ON A TREE.

Roasted apples may be seen growing in the village of Ham Common, near Kingston-on-Thames, as the result of a motor-omnibus catching fire beside the tree last week.

LITERARY TREASURES.

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'DAILY MIRROR'
DAYS

At the
CRYSTAL PALACE,

Thursday, Friday,
and Saturday, Sept.
21, 22, and 23.

HOW TRAMPS ARE MADE.

A Notable Book Which Englishmen Ought Specially To Read.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Mr. Jack London has proved in previous books that he can make people feel. In "War of the Classes" he sets out to make them think. He does it, too.

Mr. London is a Socialist. He wants to give everybody a chance. The old law of development, which made the strong stronger and the weak weaker, is out of date, he says. We want a new law of development. "What if my brother be not as strong as I? He has not sinned. Wherefore should he hunger—he and his sinless little ones? Away with the old law. There is food and shelter for all, therefore let all receive food shelter."

He does not imagine that the old law can be displaced easily. There will have to be a great fight between the Haves and the Have-nots before a system based on Christ's principle, "Do as you would be done by," can win its way against the pitiless struggle-for-life of the present age. Already there have been skirmishes, air-fights of outposts in the war of Labour against Laissez-Faire.

Suddenly, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, comes a disruption of industry.

From ocean to ocean the wheels of a great chain of railroads cease to run.

A quarter of a million miners throw down pick and shovel, and outrage the sun with their pale, bleached faces.

The street railways of a swarming metropolis stand idle, or the rumble of machinery in vast manufacturing dies away to silence.

There is alarm and panic, arson and homicide stalk forth. There is a cry in the night, and quick anger and sudden death.

And then, finally, all is quiet again, and the memory of it is like the memory of a bad dream.

NOT ENOUGH WORK TO GO ROUND.

But all the time the conditions of the labourer become harder, the struggle for work more desperate. The number of the unfit grows larger every day. Once let a good worker lose his job. Underfeeding and anxiety and disappointment soon do their work. He is a good worker no longer. He has not the physical ability to be one.

A huge floating, partially-unemployed class is thus created terribly quickly. They have got to be unemployed because there are not enough jobs to go round.

It is very easy to demonstrate that there are more men than there is work for men to do. For instance, what would happen to-morrow if one hundred thousand tramps should become suddenly inspired with an overmastering desire for work?

Why, by the end of the week one hundred thousand workers, their places taken by the tramps, would receive their time and be "hitting the road" for a job.

Such jobs as there are, too, are being snatched up by a hungry horde of women. Deprived of woman's natural occupation, wife and motherhood, they are forced to compete in the market places of the world with men. Everywhere they lower the price of labour.

In America women are "sweated" just as badly as in the East End of London. They will work ten hours a day—six days a week for 2s. a week. And even this is only intermittent work. The average earnings of a Chicago trouser-maker come to less than £20 a year, and trouser-finners only make a little over half that. It is difficult to believe, but it is perfectly true.

CHRIST'S RULE OF LIFE.

And yet people who have plenty to eat say it is wicked and absurd to try and give Christ's principle a practical meaning. They will go to church; they will subscribe to missions. But they would like to lock up everybody who dares to hint at the possibility of "Do as you would be done by" being made the basis of a political system.

England is being hit harder than any other nation at present by the results of the struggle-for-life system. The world is no longer dependent upon her for manufactures as it once was. On the contrary, it is sending its manufactures in to undersell hers even at home.

In 1899, there was but one American locomotive in Great Britain, but of the 500 locomotives sold abroad by the United States in 1902, England bought more than any other country.

England, therefore, stands more in need of serious thought about her future than any other nation at the present time. It would do every Englishman good to read these sensible, practical, vigorously-written essays of Mr. Jack London's. I should like to see them published in a cheap form, so that they might have a very wide circulation.

—H. H. F.—

WAR OF THE CLASSES. By Jack London. Heinemann, 8s. 6d.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Filey's walking vicar (the Rev. A. N. Cooper) is now making a tour of the Cleveland district of Yorkshire. He carries his vestments and a change of clothing in a knapsack, walks thirty or forty miles in the daytime, and preaches at night.

At the hearing of a charge of theft from a slot machine, at Acton, yesterday, it was stated that the locks on penny-in-the-slot machines cost 27s. 6d. each.

At the opening of the Electrical Exhibition at Olympia next Monday, the Electrical Engineer Volunteers will form the Lord Mayor's guard of honour.

For wilfully damaging a house for which he was unable to obtain payment from its purchaser, William Barlett was committed to prison for six weeks at Devises, Wilts, yesterday.

Arrangements are being made by unemployed Jews in London to send a deputation to the forthcoming gathering of wealthy and distinguished Jews at the Albert Hall to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the return of the Jews to England.

Objecting to the files and drums of the local boys' brigade, a deputation of Southgate workmen asked the magistrates yesterday for a summons against the Rev. V. T. Macey, who, they said, was responsible. They were told to go to a higher court.

At a meeting of the Glasgow Council a member said that the drink bill of the town was £3,200,000 per annum, or £4 5s. per head, and two-thirds of that was credited to the working classes. It was impossible, he added, to have so much money spent on liquor and to be without slums, wretchedness, and misery.

London's new flower, fruit, and vegetable market in Church-street, Edgware-road, is to be opened for business at 5 a.m. on Thursday next.

Baron Romilly, of 77, Harley-street, W., formerly of the Goldstream Guards, left £57,457, with net personally £28,746.

The "Garden City" (Freemasons) Lodge will be inaugurated by Sir Edward Leitchworth at the Holborn Restaurant on September 27.

In one haul at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, yesterday, a fisherman took thirty-six mullet, a rare fish on the East Coast. The total weight was 100lb.

While repairing the parish church of Arnold, Nottinghamshire, yesterday, workmen found a thirteenth century font embedded in the south wall.

After being inspected by the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, yesterday, the new armoured cruiser Rosburgh was ordered to leave immediately to join the First Cruiser Squadron.

Residents of Arklow, Co. Wicklow, will not admit that a snake killed in a field there yesterday was an Irish reptile. They say it must have come out of the sea, for "there are no snakes in Ireland."

When the new bridge above Dungarvan Station, County Waterford, with its seven spans, is completed, it will be the second of its kind in Great Britain, with a clear opening span of fifty feet for navigation.

"Starving Organist.—Will a church offer musical work now to a university graduate of ability? Willing and anxious.—Address N.N." reads a pathetic appeal in the "agony" column of a contemporary.

"DAILY MIRROR" DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



To inspect these strange animals, a cross between lions and tigers, zoologists have travelled hundreds of miles. They can be seen free, with many other interesting sights, by readers of the "Daily Mirror" at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Large numbers of aspen poplar trees are now being cultivated in the Eastern Counties, chiefly to supply the demand of match manufacturers.

Old-established paper mills at Norwich, recently carried on solely to avoid throwing a number of people out of work, are about to be closed on account of German competition.

In his haste to get out of the way of a train, whilst blackberrying on the line at Bullgill, Maryport, a little seven-year-old boy named James Toppin stepped right in front of another locomotive, and was killed.

Born in 1788, Mr. George Fletcher, of Killory, Co. Tyrone, who is believed to be the oldest subject of the King in the United Kingdom, has received a letter of congratulation and a gold snuff-box from his Majesty.

A singular situation has arisen in the parish of North Wood, Essex, which boasts two voters and a population of nine. It has failed to elect a rural district councillor, and the Essex Local Government Committee is wondering what to do.

Tavistock Guardians have decided to call upon Jane Joll, a widow, to pay them back £50 received in relief. It was discovered that the woman recently gave her daughter £50, and that she still has £50 in the Post-Office Savings Bank, besides £15 10s. in cash.

Whilst a Whitechapel fire-engine was proceeding at full speed to answer a call in Aldgate a fireman named Jones fell from the engine. His brass helmet, in all probability, saved his life, for it broke the force of his fall. Jones, however, sustained concussion and was removed to the hospital.

Miss Marie Tempest is laid up with an attack of influenza at Brighton.

One of the aliases adopted by a prisoner at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday was Daniel Nebuchadnezzar.

There was considerable delay yesterday on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near Toot-morden, through the woodwork of a bridge taking fire.

Six hundred tons of material, loosened by the vibration of the railway or by boring in the neighbourhood, has crashed down from the Cleghugh Rock, on the banks of the River Wear.

Frightened by an approaching train, a valuable pony belonging to Mr. F. Talbot, of Fremington (Devon), jumped over Bideford Bridge into the tidal river below, falling thirty-five feet to the water. When got out the animal was little the worse.

Mr. William Harker, of Harefield, Pateley Bridge, Leeds, who represented the Ripon division of Yorkshire in Parliament for one year after defeating the present member (Mr. Lloyd Wharton), in 1885, died yesterday at the age of eighty-six.

Consternation has been caused in the district, says a Neath telegram, by an attempt to blow up an engine-house at Merthyr Tydfil Colliery, on the Whitworth estate, blasting gelatine and compressed powder being used. No arrests have yet been made.

At Portsmouth yesterday the Revising Barrister struck off the list the name of the commander-in-chief (Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas) and the superintendent of the dockyard (Admiral Barry), the Liberals objecting to them as having been only a short time in occupation.

BEST FOR HEALTH AND DIGESTION.

Recipes for Making Good Wholemeal Bread.

FAR BETTER THAN WHITE

The letter from a reader of the *Daily Mirror* asking for a good recipe for making brown bread has brought us a large number of replies. From them we select the following:—

In answer to N. Molesworth and all interested, this is how to make brown bread:—

Ingredients.—Four pounds of wheatmeal, two ounces of yeast, half a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of olive oil or butter (oil preferable), a little salt, warm milk or water to mix.

Method: Take a warm baking-bowl and put in flour and salt; mix yeast with a little warm milk and teaspoonful of sugar. Add to the flour a little water and then the yeast, and allow to rise five minutes; put in the oil and knead for five minutes.

Then allow to stand in warm place for three-quarters of an hour. Cut in four pieces, and place in warm loaf-tins, and bake three-quarters to one hour in moderately hot oven.

Brown bread needs oven much hotter than for white bread. The olive oil is tasteless in bread, but very nutritious. (Mrs. W. GILL, Bradford Vegetarian Society, Leigrams-lane, Bradford.)

GROUND IN A COFFEE MILL.

I should like to bear testimony to the good results of eating wholemeal bread. A friend recommended it to my husband, who suffered terribly with indigestion. He is now quite free from that complaint.

We grind our own wheat in a No. 4 coffee mill, and this is how we make our wholemeal bread.

Take six large tablespoonfuls of wholemeal flour, four of good white flour, a pinch of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of Borwick's baking powder.

Mix well together with separated milk into a smooth dough, not too stiff. Do not handle it more than necessary. This can be made either into a batch cake or baked in a tin.

I find it best to put it in bottom shelf of oven and finish at top. The oven should be hot, and the bread put in as soon as made. Flour bottom of baking-tin do not grease.

I paid 4s. for one bushel of wheat.

A "DAILY MIRROR" READER, Newbold-on-Stour, Worcestershire.

MIXED WITH DRIPPING.

Put the yeast (German) to soak in warm water which has a dessertspoon of white flour and a teaspoonful of oil of sugar in it. Let this rise well, add it to the wheatmeal, and work all together into a dough (which must be much more moist than white dough).

Let it rise well before making into loaves, and then rise again and bake well, longer than white bread. A little wholesome grease, such as butter or dripping, rubbed in flour is an improvement—about an ounce or so. C. W.

Royal-avenue, Chelsea.

WELCOMING THE INVESTOR.

How the Stock Exchange Makes the Profits and the Public Holds the Baby.

CAPITAL COURT, Monday Evening.—There are no long faces in the market, and yet prices are not improving. They are mostly lower, but there is not much in it. The truth is the "House" went a little too fast for the public investment business, and now things are shaking down. Profit-taking means market indigestion for the time being. But the public are in the investing mood, and some of the brokers are very confident that they are also in the mood to speculate.

These are the market judges who predict a rise in Kaffirs. There is something in it, and profits and higher prices may result, but the final result is that the insiders unload to the public at higher prices, and the latter hold the baby. So long as the game is quite understood there is no more to be said. We are far from saying that even Kaffirs are not going better.

Consols are not steady. They call them 89 9/16, and asked what one expects if growing trade demands the world over tend to make money dearer. But they rallied later at 89 11/16.

The Foreign market was not bad, the bourses being perhaps a little hesitating in the afternoon. Japanese were bought, and the scrip is 3/4 premium. Copper shares were strong because of the sensational showing made by the fortnightly statistics of the metal, showing a big reduction in stocks and the amount in sight. The gamblers pushed up Honduras bonds at one time over 13 on unfounded debt-settlement talk.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians were in anything but a good plight. They are nearly all lower, the latter in particular. The Banket report looking much to do with it. Bankets were only 4. Chartered no better than 2. But the Banket report came out after official hours. Most other mining sections were also dull.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1905.

TOO MANY COLLECTIONS.

IT was a loyal idea of one of the Scottish Provosts to propose a shilling subscription as a way of showing our appreciation of King Edward's efforts as a Peacemaker. We are glad, however, that his Majesty has tacitly squashed it.

The nation does appreciate the King very highly indeed. No English Sovereign was ever more generally respected and liked. But there would be an air of absurdity about trying to show our affection and respect by getting up a subscription.

There is far too much collecting going on nowadays. Half the nation is engaged in getting subscriptions out of the other half. Clergymen are great offenders in this respect, as the case of the Twickenham vicar, who complained on Sunday about the smallness of offertories, reminds us.

There is a story of some sailors cast away on a desert island who wanted to hold a service. Unfortunately none of them could recollect any part of it. "Come to this then," said one of them at last, "we can't have nothing but the collection."

That sailor's remark represented what has become the general view of the collection. It is now regarded as a regular part of any and every church or chapel service. Even street preachers never forget to send the hat round.

If people do not respond as liberally as clergymen think they ought to, they are taken very seriously to task. The Twickenham vicar sternly reproved his congregation for putting so many coppers in the bag. He seemed to take it for granted that everyone must pay for going to church.

If this is so, why should not a regular charge for admission be made? That would suit a great many people better than the present system. It is most unpleasant to have a bag thrust before you by a truculent churchwarden collecting for some object not stated, and then to be abused from the pulpit for not putting enough into it.

If the minister and the church are supported by voluntary contributions, then it would be unfair, as well as ungenerous, not to put as much into the bag as you think their service is worth to you. (The Twickenham clergyman said, "Give as much as you can afford," but surely, if the collection is for the minister himself, the other would be the more reasonable test to apply.)

In the Church of England, however, the collection very seldom is for the support of the minister. The Prayer-Book ordains that at a certain point in the Communion Service the "Alms for the Poor and other devotions of the people" shall be collected "in a decent bason." It says nothing about offertories for the extra curate, or for the rebuilding of the church school (to compete with a State school), or for converting the Jews.

Moreover, the Prayer-Book says nothing whatever about taking a collection at any other service but the Communion Service. There is no word on the subject in the offices for Morning and Evening Prayer. It was evidently expected that those who received the sacrament would wish to make an offering of thankfulness to God. But the compilers of the Prayer-Book did not anticipate collections at every service.

It is the very frequency of collections which makes people give so little. To have them every Sunday, morning, afternoon, and evening, is excessive. Giving becomes a mechanical process, instead of a joyful duty. No wonder collections are small. They do not make any impression either upon the mind or the imagination.

It is a question whether it is not an offence against the rules of the Church to be sending the bag or plate round so constantly for every kind of object. It is certainly a fault of judgment. Let collections be taken for the poor at stated seasons and the response would probably be good. All other funds required ought to be raised out of church hours. H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Society is divisible into two classes: Shearers and shorn.—*Zufeyrand.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

WHILE staying at Glenquoich with Lord and Lady Burton the King will probably enjoy a cruise along the west coast in his host's comfortable yacht. His Majesty has visited this beautiful part of Scotland before—he stayed with Lord Burton there only last year. He has, too, often visited his present host at Rangemore Hall, Burton-on-Trent, a place which has been almost entirely rebuilt at a cost of some £100,000 by its present owner. Lord Burton, as most people will remember, also placed his London house at the King's disposal during the week of the Coronation.

His house in London is the famous Chesterfield House, Mayfair, where the great Lord Chesterfield, that incomparable lover of "the Graces," cultivated his perfect manners and tried to instil into his boor of a son the airy elegance which he possessed himself. Lord Burton has furnished all these magnificent houses of his with works of art gathered from all corners of the world. He is particularly proud of his tapestries, which he possessed

and play. I hear that at Harrow the head of the school is a son of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and a nephew of Lord Rothschild.

Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., has written another of his alarming letters to the "Times." I call these letters alarming because they are always attacking with amazing and apocalyptic vehemence some degeneracy in modern society which is calculated inevitably, and in a very short space of time, to bring us all to ruin. You may remember the vigorous onslaught which Mr. Smith made a few years ago upon London theatres. That was at a time when "The Gay Lord Ques," "Zaza," and other more or less risky plays were running to crowded houses. Mr. Smith regretted in the House of Commons the growing tendency to put plays "of a demoralising character" on the stage.

Mr. Smith is a Scotsman, but has spent most of his life in England. He amassed a huge fortune in cotton in Liverpool, and now has an income of about £30,000. But his friends will tell you that wealth has made no alteration in the frugal habits which he has always loved. He dines off a chop, drinks just a little mild claret, and spends the greater part of his income in charitable schemes.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS BY THE SINGLE.



The first International Baby Congress opened yesterday at Liège, in Belgium. The spinsters are greatly to the fore.

for some years before getting them properly hung at Rangemore. One of the ambitions of his life, he used to say, was to get them properly displayed.

It is strange to reflect that the great fortune of the Bass family, which enables Lord Burton now to indulge his taste for tapestries, was largely created out of accidents which were naturally considered, at the time when they took place, as nothing less than calamities. In the first place there was a time when all Bass's beer used to go to Russia, and it was only the prohibitive tariff imposed by the Government there which induced Mr. Michael Bass, the founder of the firm, to turn his attention to London and the South of England. Then there was the famous wreck which plunged a cargo of beer on its way to Calcutta into the Irish Channel. Some of the beer was saved, sold in Liverpool, and so appreciated, that the fame of the beer spread far and wide, and England, as well as Calcutta, began to call for it.

To-day the lower school goes back to Eton, and the new boys enter upon their first period of lagging and learning their place in the world. Canon Lytton's first half at Eton is an eventful period in the great school's history, and the new headmaster will certainly be subject to the ordeal of close criticism from the most critical community in the world. By the end of this week all the great public schools will have fallen into their routine of

and in schemes for staving off that day when society must come to grief. There is something refreshing about Mr. Smith's life in his house in Cowley-street. All the paraphernalia of modern life—bustlers, footmen, cooks, housemaids—which rich people find so dreary and so expensive, is cut down sensibly by him to a minimum. He believes in keeping only one servant, for his two sisters take care of the house for him.

Very interesting were the remarks which M. Rodin, the famous French sculptor, made about the clever, cynical playwright, Henri Becque, whose bust he has just completed. Becque and Rodin were friends together in early youth. The former died in great poverty. He had lived in one miserable room for years, hatred of society at his heart, did despair of making his way always preventing him from writing. Rodin, on the other hand, after passing through poverty, too, has become rich and one of the most famous men in Europe. And he gives as the explanation of so cruel a contrast the fact that Becque never worked enough. He worked in fits and starts, while it is continuous plodding, so Rodin thinks, which tells in the end.

Simpson's-in-the-Strand is doing such big and ever-increasing business that habitués at luncheon and dinner are making all sorts of suggestions for extending the accommodation. One has been daring enough to suggest a subway being con-

structed to Exeter Hall, which might be taken as a chapel of ease to the Ancient Tavern and Divan; another, that Terry's Theatre would form a most excellent annex. The first proposition would doubtless be appreciated by the ecclesiastical patrons of Simpson's, and the second might appeal to those of the stage, but it is to be doubted if the existing difficulty of limited space can be overcome by either of these schemes.

At the Savoy Restaurant there are signs of an early opening of the autumn season. The number of American guests is gradually diminishing, and their places are being once again filled by well-known habitués of the place. On Friday evening there was a particularly gay assembly. Sir Thomas Lygon was entertaining a party, which included H.R.H. Princess Hohenzollern-Langenburg, other tables were the Earl of Moray, with a few friends, Baron Oppel and party, and the Sultan of Johore and the Siamese Minister were also entertaining.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Will you allow me to ask a "Lover of Truth" a few questions regarding the "lazy unemployed"? (1) Does he know that a tramway company, after announcing work for fifty men a few weeks back, received 2,000 applicants? (2) Can he keep a wife and family on £1 a week after paying 8s. for house rent? (3) What are the unemployed craving for—work or charity?

Give them work at a living wage, and if their ways are bad more generous pay for work will soon cure them. A. PALFREY.

Villiers-road, Willesden.

What men want in East London is work and not so-called charity.

I spend all I can afford, and buy nothing but British manufacture, from the silk tie I wear to the cigarette I smoke and the match I light it with. All these are made in the East End.

Let the rich do the same, not excluding their motor-cars, and give some of their orders during the dull or winter season, and not wait until the spring, when work is plentiful, and then work men and women night and day to get their houses or garments ready in half the time required.

If all your readers started from to-day to buy nothing but British manufacture (where possible) we should soon forget all about the unemployed question. If an English article costs 10 per cent. in some cases more than a foreign, it means 50 per cent. better, so there is, after all, economy in it. A. W.

South Woodford.

FARTHING'S OUT OF FASHION.

It is difficult to understand why the Mini goes on coining farthings.

Nobody likes them. If you pay an omnibus conductor with them he makes sarcastic remarks.

Young women in shops regard them with disdain if they are offered. They give them as change, but do not care about receiving them.

In fact, to tender farthings has now become exceedingly hard for a sensitive person. Your respectability is suspected at once.

It would surely be better to cease issuing them altogether. A SHY SPINSTER.

Mount Carmel-chambers, Kensington, W.

THE LONDON-BRIGHTON OMNIBUS.

Knowing your usual sense of fairness, may I contradict the report, published in many London papers, to the effect that the London and Brighton motor-omnibus, on September 4, when it was waylaid by the police, rocked from side to side while descending Handcross Hill?

Being an outside passenger at the time, I am in a position to state that I and my fellow-passengers remarked how carefully the vehicle was driven, and how smoothly it travelled.

Raynes Park. ARTHUR E. A. M. TURNER.

TO MAKE THE STREET SAFER.

The traffic in the City is rapidly increasing. Constantly one hears of people being run over while attempting to cross the roads.

Might I suggest a remedy which would abolish all danger and relieve a good many of the unemployed by providing work?

Why not erect overhead bridges across the chief thoroughfares?

It could be done, would not interfere with traffic below, would abolish danger, and make work. Forest Gate. B. SIMMONS, JUN.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Chill airs begin to invade the garden. Only in some sheltered corner at noontide does the sun seem to beat down with any intensity.

Thus it is that, instead of finding a hundred new flowers each morning, only a few fresh blossoms greet our eyes. Slowly now the buds on the gladioli, the Michaelmas daisies, the dahlias, open. The rush of summer is over; autumn moves with a stately tread.

And one cannot wonder at the slow progress of the flowers, for how cold are these starry September nights! Frosts already visit the damp valleys. Even the morning hills are misty. E. F. T.



THREE FREE DAYS AT



THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOR



RENOVATING AND SAFE-GUARDING ETON.



During the summer vacation extensive alterations have been taking place at Eton. Some of the older houses have been almost rebuilt and outside fire-escape staircases added. The photographs show—(1) Demolishing a condemned house; and (2) Preparing for the new altar-piece in the chapel.

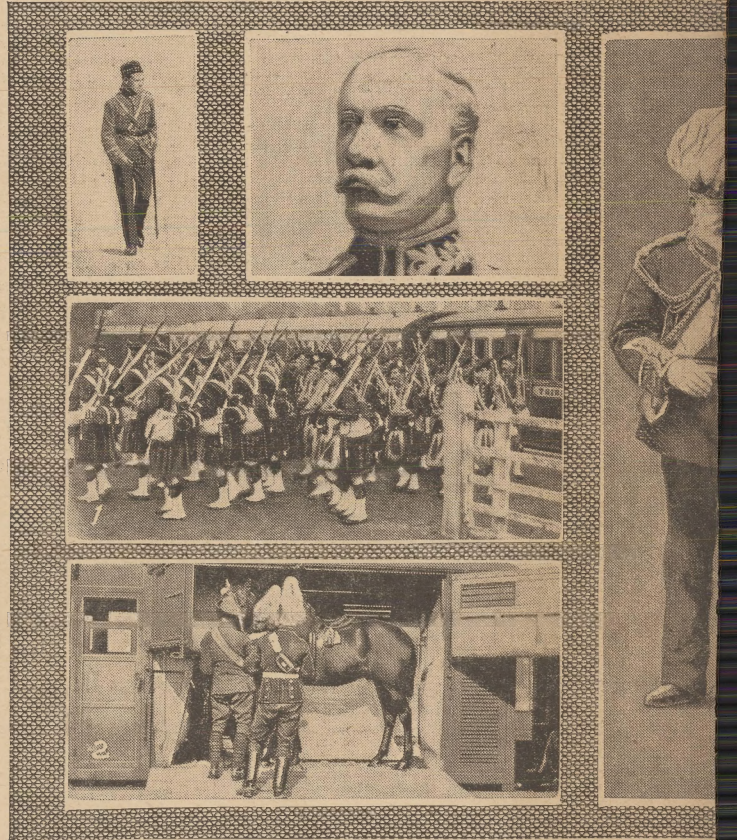
TO-DAY'S SOMERSETSHIRE WEDDING.



Miss Mabel Alys Long, daughter of Colonel Long, C.M.G., of Congresbury, Somerset, who will be married to-day to—

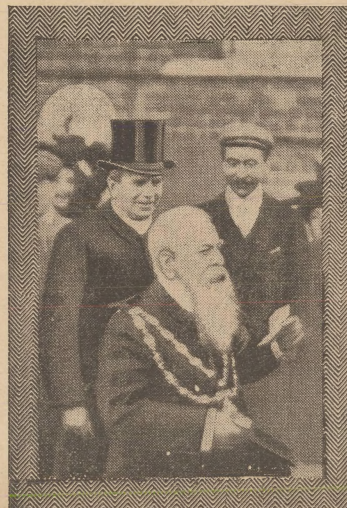
—Mr. F. Wykeham Chancellor, M.A., eldest son of Mr. Frederic Chancellor, F.R.I.B.A., of Chelmsford, at St. Andrew's Church, Congresbury.

THE KING'S REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VO



After travelling through the night from Rufford Abbey his Majesty yesterday reviewed 33,000 Scottish Mutiny veteran soldiers. In the centre of the picture the King is seen in the uniform of a field-marshal the Duke of Connaught, and on the right is Sir Robert Cranston, to whose initiation the review was due officers' chargers detraining; (3) officers of Berwick Yeomanry at

CYCLISTS' CHURCH PARADE.



At Folkestone on Sunday hundreds of cyclists took part in the church parade organised by the mayor and the Rev. E. Husband, who appear in the foreground of the photograph.

NAVAL WEDDING AT

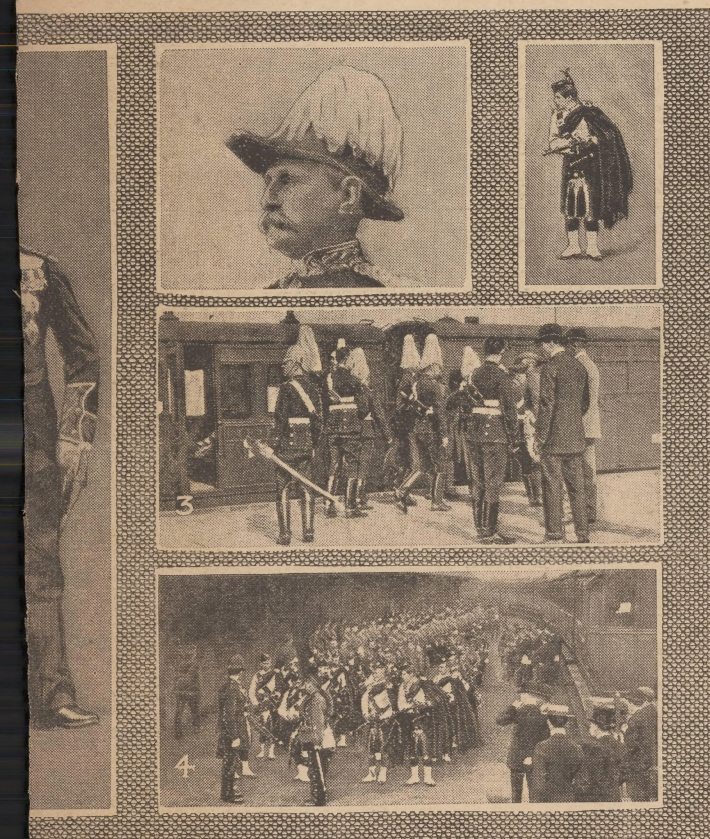


Lieutenant Herbert Hope, R.N., late Rear-Admiral Webley, Katherine Ke...

"DAILY MIRROR" READERS

Next Thursday,
Friday & Saturday

UNTEERS AT EDINBURGH YESTERDAY.

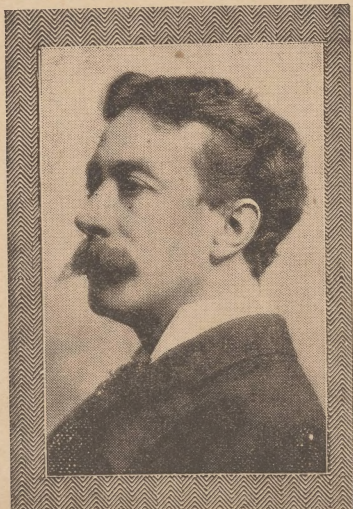


giers at Edinburgh. In addition to the Volunteers, the muster included 120 Crimean and Indian which he held the review. On the left is General Sir Charles Tucker, who was in command under the photographs beneath show—(1) The 5th Argylls leaving the station for the review ground; (2) ; and (4) the Royal Scots forming up in the station yard.

UNBRIDGE WELLS.

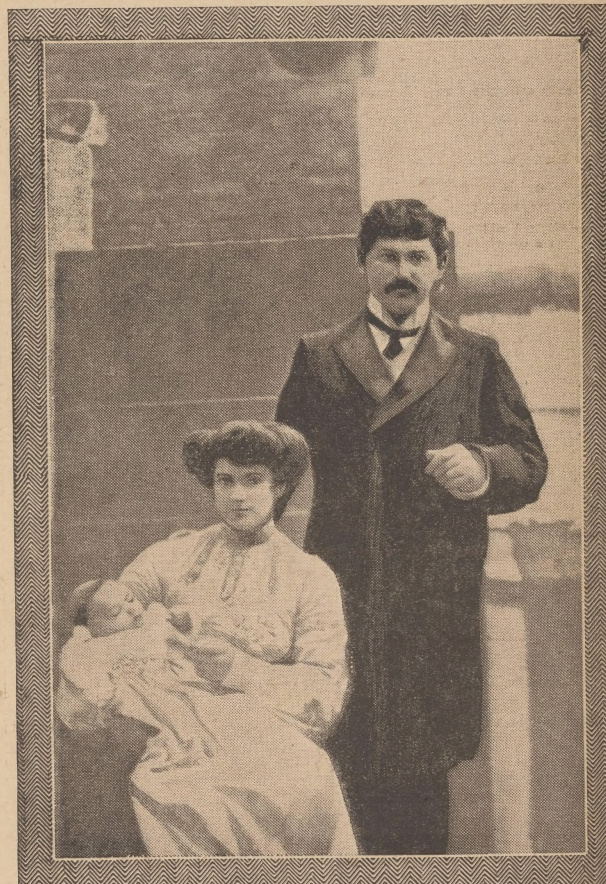


WELL-KNOWN WRITER'S DEATH.



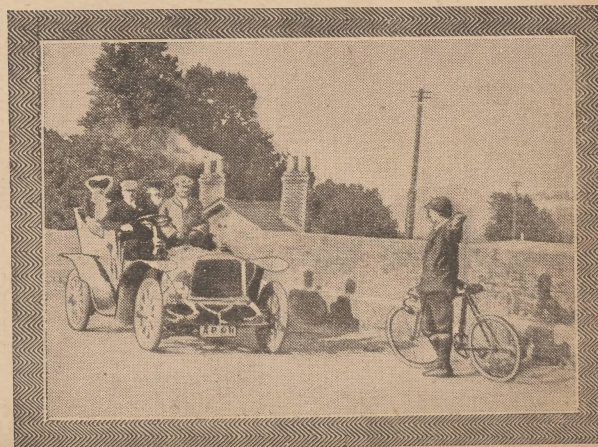
Mr. L. F. Austin, the well-known reviewer and humorist, who has just died at Brighton. Mr. Austin was born in the United States, but settled in England in 1875.

WITZOFF AND HIS ENGLISH FAMILY.



"I am Witzoff," declared the American arch-bigamist to poor Alice Bell, the Peckham girl, whom he deluded into a false marriage. Later he told her, "You are not my wife." Now he has fled to Germany. The remarkable photograph of Witzoff, Alice Bell, and their baby is absolute testimony to the man's identity.

WARNING MOTORISTS OF POLICE TRAPS.



Cyclists enrolled by the Automobile Association now warn motorists travelling through districts infested by police traps. The photograph shows a motorist being warned at Peasmarsh, between Guildford and Godalming.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.
CHAPTER XXX.

"The secrets that are hid behind the Throne."

"Run away, Geliebte?" echoed the Grand Duke laughingly. "Run away from your friends and your dearest engagements, and come back to me! What a naughty little fairy!"

Fay had altered her kneeling position and was sitting curled up on the floor again at his feet, one hand clasped in his long train of her wonderful gown lying, like a shimmering lake of molten gold, around her.

"No," Carlo, she said, shaking her head. "It is much more serious than that. I have broken the law; I am really a fugitive from justice, and I crept away from England like a thief in the night. Oh, Carlo!"—and despite her light, bantering tone there was a little tremor of nervousness in her voice—"I expect they are hunting high and low for me, and I haven't dared open an English newspaper all this week."

"Geliebte, do explain yourself," he implored, much mystified, but still treating the whole thing as a joke.

"About my flight I will presently," she said. "But first I have a confession to make, Carlo. I am married."

He raised the hand that he held to his lips.

"Sweetest little fairy, of course, you are married," he cried, with his gay and captivating gallantry. "Have I not been assuring you that you are my wife, and that I will never allow any other man to mean that, Carlo. I am married to another man."

The Grand Duke released her hand with a violent movement. The bright, strong, fair face grew suddenly stern; the blue eyes flashed; behind the man and the lover, the ruler reared his head.

"I don't understand," he said coldly. "It is an unbecoming jest."

"But it is true."

"Then you must be mad," he said, and now his face was white, and his eyes transfixed her with a look of relentless anger that made her cold and sick with fear, for she knew that if he looked at her like that after she had finished her recital, then she would have done with life.

She laid her hand imploringly on his arm.

"Wait," he said, and the youth and charm and debonnaire gaiety were wiped out of his face, and he looked as he might lead his soldiers into battle, or passing judgment of death on a traitor. "Did you tell me you were married? How many of our marriage is as binding on you as if I were a lawyer or a doctor, and you lived with me openly, in the eyes of men? Did you think it was a jest, some paltry trickery got up to gloss over something irregular and spare your feelings? What is absurd. You have more sense than that. Does not the title I bestow on you speak for itself? Does not the castle that I gave you give the lie to such a foolish assumption? You are the Gräfin von Ludwigruhe, and you are my wife, marriedmorganatically, according to the laws made to meet such cases as ours. And yet you thought that such a contract could be broken lightly; you held yourself free to leave me, and you did not hold our union sacred—as I do. He was game to you perhaps—a novel experience? Ach! He sprang to his feet, and, with a gesture of violent displeasure, turned his back on her and walked over to the fireplace.

Fay scrambled to her feet. In a second she was by his side, her hands reaching down her face. She found her voice, of which she had almost lost the stern wrath had robbed her. It was the wrath of one who rules and judges by right divine, against whose judgment there is no appeal.

But her heart beat, all the same, with a tumultuous joy. He cared; he cared very much. He had not shown a new love, because he had been trained all his life in stern self-repression. But he had shown enough; he cared.

"Carlo," she pleaded, laying a white hand on his sleeve. "Carlo, listen to me. I want to explain."

He spoke still with stern severity, gazing fixedly into the fire.

"You will explain to me that you have been false to me, that you dare to come here to me with smiles to tell me so. You will explain that you have become the wife of another man, that you have given him your kisses—yourself! Ach!" A gust of human fury shook him; his last words were strangled in his throat. He was Prince, and Arbitrator, and Judge, but he was a man, and she was the woman he loved.

He cared! He cared! And, through her streaming tears, Fay smiled.

"Carlo!" she cried; "you are wrong—you are quite wrong. Do listen to me, I implore you! This other man has never touched my hand—he is nothing to me. Let me tell you the whole story; it is a strange one. Oh, I have been very foolish, but I have never wronged you in a thought. How could I, when you are my husband, my master, and my king? Come—oh, Carlo, listen to me!"

She half dragged him, with her loving, clinging hands, back to the couch. She made him sit down, and she knelt in front of him, to tell her story like a penitent.

He looked at her gravely. Her unmistakable sincerity had touched him; her burning words had dispelled the worst, the most hideous of his doubts. But he was still her judge—men in such high places as his do not tolerate even the appearance of treachery.

"I must begin at the beginning," she said; "to make you understand. And before the beginning, even, I must ask you a question. And you must answer me. And—" Her gaze met his with a proud humility—"there is only one answer that you can make."

"What is your question?" he asked.

"This, Carlo, since we met, since the very beginning, since the day on which you made me your wife and gave me the only position that it was in your power to give me—was it only a year ago, Carlo, or in another existence?—since I made solemn vows before God's altar—have I not kept them loyally? Have I not loved you faithfully, truly, with the whole of my being? Have I kept anything back? Have I not given you all that I have to give? Have I not been my idol? Have I not been your slave—your willing slave? Have I not done my best to make you happy in those few glorious hours that you have been able to spare for me? Have I not tried to make you forget your anxieties and worries, to give you a little respite from the heavy burden that you must always carry on your shoulders, because you have been borne a prince? Have I not done that a good wife should try to do, and should find her glory in doing? And Carlo—the exquisite, faint, flute-like voice rang out, music-laden, with a passionate cry—"above all, Carlo, have I not loved you? Have I not loved you well?"

All through her speech his face had softened. When she paused on that last tense, high-strung note, it was all aglow. Once more he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You have done all you say," he whispered, "and far more. You have filled my whole being. You have been exquisite. You have made me happy; you are my wife, Geliebte! How could I ever doubt you? And, although I cannot wear you like a crown on my forehead, I wear you like a talisman on my heart."

She gave a little cry, and clung to him.

"Oh, Carlo, Carlo! If you had really doubted me, I should have died."

"And now tell me the story," he said.

The last cloud had vanished. Fay slid down to her knees again.

"I asked you all that, Carlo," she said, "because I want you to try to put yourself in my place. I must go back to the time when I left the Schloss to go to England for a little while, because my love for you had somehow given me a conscience—something I never had before—and I thought it my duty to pay my father a visit. Perhaps you don't know, Carlo, that my father is very, very rich. I have never talked to you about him, because I have no sympathy with him, and all my life I have tried to forget that he is my father. It is ungrateful of me, because he has given me such a very great deal, including you, Carlo, because if he had not been rich, and I had not travelled, I should never have met you. Well—to go on. I have to refer to my father's wealth because it has everything to do with the story. I don't know how rich he is, because such things don't interest me much, but I know that he is rich. Well—two years ago he bought a splendid house, Balliol Castle. It is one of the show-places, almost as fine as Windsor. That will give you an idea. He bought it from an impoverished peer—Lord Blanquart de Balliol."

"I know the name well," put in the Grand Duke. "Yes, I suppose so. It is a very wonderful family, the Blanquarts. In birth, breeding, and tradition the Dangervilles are second to none. But they have been frightfully unfortunate, and the result is that my father owns their castle and all their lands, and they are, or were, penniless. Well, when I arrived at Balliol Castle, almost the first thing my father told me was that he had found a husband for me, and then my pride came to the son and heir of Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dangerville. Thus this great family was to be restored to its former grandeur with my father's millions. My father worships blue blood, being of the people himself, as I told you long ago. That was why I never dared tell him anything about my marriage, lest he should publish it from the houseposts. Well, of course, I refused the honour—indeed, refused to discuss the matter."

"The very next day, Carlo, I read the announcement of your engagement to the Princess Otilie in the paper. And now comes the part that I want you to understand. I nearly went mad. I loved you, I adored you, I have given you my whole self, and you had let me come away without telling me that you were going to marry. I felt outraged, betrayed. In my madness I thought it was a plot, I thought I should never be allowed to see you again. I wired to you at once for confirmation. Your answer came back, short and cold: 'It is true. Forgive me.' That was all. Oh, Carlo, Carlo, I wanted to die. And then my pride came to the rescue, or what I thought was pride. I dug up all your letters, your precious letters, Carlo, and your beautiful picture in the Leibgarde uniform; I tried to tear you out of my heart in the same way. I determined to be revenged in my little, paltry way. You were going to marry—you had deserted me, forsaken me, insulted me well, I would do the same by you; I would put you out of my life, I would forget you. I would marry a man with a great name, I would make a stir in the world. You should hear of me; you should see what sort of a woman you had treated lightly. I would become as great and powerful even as you through the miracle of my father's gold."

"A man was ready to hand—Mr. Dangerville."

(Continued on page 13.)

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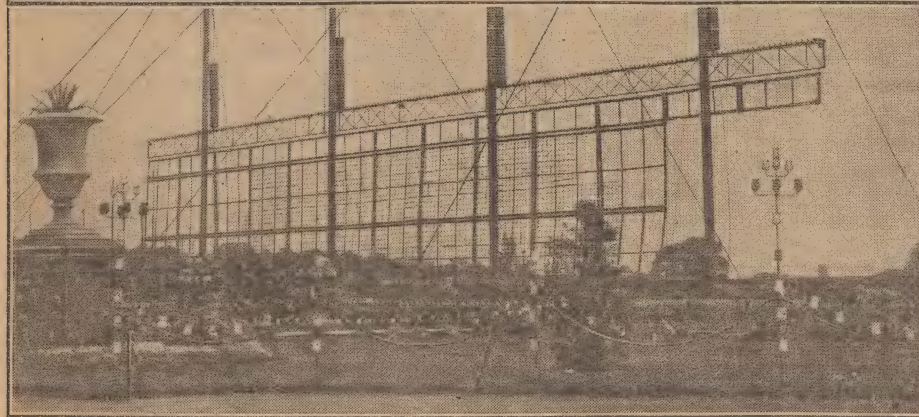
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"DAILY MIRROR" DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next, "Daily Mirror" readers will be admitted free to the Crystal Palace. The above photographs of the Somalis at home in their village, and of the marvellous fireworks of Messrs. Brock, are but a tithe of the many and varied entertainments which will be presented.

SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

Governor's Nickname.

Lord Raglan, Governor of the Isle of Man, who was forty-eight yesterday, was in his youth a page to Queen Victoria. He is known to his friends as "Chalks."

Parade of Veterans.

Among the veterans who applied to take part in the Royal Review at Edinburgh yesterday were 108 who took part in the Crimean War and the Mutiny, 505 who were present at the review of 1890, and 1,290 who paraded in 1881. At the last review, held in 1891, there were 39,473 officers and men on parade, including 3,739 from England.

Dangerous Shellfish.

Shellfish taken from the polluted waters of the River Teign has been found to be responsible for the alarming prevalence of typhoid fever in part of South Devonshire. Inferior cooking has much to answer for. Were the shellfish placed in water at a temperature of 212°F., and kept there for a reasonable time, the bacilli would be absolutely annihilated.

Shoeblack and President.

Fred Racik, the "globe-trotting bootblack," from California, who has arrived in Paris, announced yesterday that he would not remain, as President Loubet was not there. Racik left London, where he polished the boots of many well-known people, for the special purpose of performing the same service for President Loubet. But, as the latter is at present at his southern chateau of La Bégude-de-

Mazenc, Racik proposes to go elsewhere and to return to Paris when President Loubet is at the Elysée.

Vicar's Strange Obligation.

The announcement that the Vicar of Coleshill, Warwickshire, has resigned his living recalls the curious fact that the incumbent of this parish used to hold his glebe on condition that if the young men of the parish could catch a hare and bring it to him before ten o'clock on Easter Monday morning he was bound to give them a calf's head and a hundred eggs for their breakfast.

Cheap Potatoes.

Potatoes were quoted at unusually low rates in many Lancashire towns yesterday. At Preston loads have fetched from 8s. 6d. to 8s. 6d., compared with 8s. 3d. to 8s. 9d. a week ago. The fall in price is due to the appearance among a number of large crops of potato rot, caused by the wet weather of the past few weeks. In consequence of this many farmers are sending their crops into the markets as speedily as possible.

International Mothers' Meeting.

The Countess of Aberdeen and other English lady delegates who are attending the International Congress opened at Liège yesterday to discuss the welfare of "his Majesty the Baby" are upholders of the view that, though under-feeding is bad, it is not nearly so bad or so likely to produce disease as wrong feeding and over-feeding. A small quantity of right food, slowly and properly masticated, does more good than a cartload of wrongly-chosen foods.

Fight Between Football Teams.

The cases of rowdiness at football matches in England are fortunately never so serious as one reported in the Indian newspapers received by yesterday's mail. In a match at Peshawar between teams of the police and Transport Corps, the players lost their tempers and attacked each other with knives, several players receiving more or less severe injuries. The advantage lay with the police, but on the way home they were overtaken by a large

number of the Transport Corps and received a severe beating. Eventually the combatants were separated by their officers.

Millionaire's Forgiving Spirit.

Few men have suffered such merciless lampooning at the hands of the American Press as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world. But such is his forgiving spirit, states our New York correspondent, that he has just entertained at his beautiful estate, Forest Hill, Cleveland, a large party of American humorists who write or draw cartoons for the Press. The multi-millionaire made it a personally conducted tour, acting as guide and host.

Dr. Johnson's Birthplace.

Lichfield, where the 100th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Johnson was celebrated with all due ceremony yesterday, still retains its reputation for the ale which Boswell, the famous lexicographer's biographer, characterised as possessing "a peculiar appropriate value." In Lichfield, in Johnson's day, as now, there appeared to be little doing. "Surely," Boswell remarked on one occasion to Dr. Johnson, "You are an idle set of people." "Sir," said Johnson, "we are a city of philosophers. We work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands."

Bishop's "Surprise Visits."

Dr. Gore has intimated to the clergy of his diocese that he intends to discontinue the practice of public notice being given of the intention of the Bishop to be present at a particular church, and to take part in a certain service. He holds that the congregations which assemble under such circumstances form no criterion of the religious life of a place, and for the next six months he will pay what may be described as "surprise visits" to churches in the diocese of Birmingham, going in quite unexpected, taking part in the service, and seeing for himself how the churches are attended. Dr. Winnington Ingram, the Bishop of London, is credited with the intention of trying the same experiment.

A Faultless Complexion.

A QUIET TALK BETWEEN OURSELVES.

"What a beautiful complexion Hilda has. How free from spots, blemish, or anything disfiguring, and what a charming bloom there is upon her skin. It is as fresh and clear as the dainty skin of a baby." Yes. This is all quite true. Hilda has a beautiful skin, and it is really delightful to see how charming it is; but it must be remembered that Hilda has a beautiful skin because she has taken a little trouble to keep it healthy, and to remove from it all that would detract from its appearance. If you want a similarly beautiful complexion you must take a little trouble, give proper attention to your skin, and immediately your skin becomes ill apply that wonderful remedy, "Antexema," to make it healthy, pure, and clear once again.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION.

Examine your face before the mirror for a moment, and tell yourself candidly what you see. Perhaps you notice that there are spots or pimples on your skin, or it looks red and rough, or in some way or another it is other than you would wish it to be. If this be the case it is clear that your skin is out of health, and something is needed to put matters right. Do not neglect these first signs of skin illness. Give them immediate attention, and if you adopt the "Antexema" treatment your skin will soon be healthy and beautiful again. There are two things you should do: (1) You should use "Antexema," which will immediately stop any irritation that may exist, and soon effect a complete cure; (2) Make it a rule to always use "Antexema Soap," the soap that beautifies. If your complexion is bad owing to blood impurity, you should take "Antexema Granules," which cleanse the fountain head, and by purifying the blood, clear the skin.

FACTS ABOUT YOUR SKIN.

Your skin cannot be beautiful if it be unhealthy. That is the one fact you should remember, and one that it is impossible to repeat too often. The first step to skin beauty is to gain skin health, and the extraordinary difference that may be produced in the appearance by making the skin healthy and enabling it to perform its functions properly is wonderful. The hints, advice, and suggestions given in our little book on "Skin Troubles" render our family handbook worth its weight in gold. It shows every man, woman, and parent how skin health and beauty is gained and retained, and we strongly advise all who value their looks to send for this invaluable treatise.

WHAT "ANTEXEMA" DOES.

"Antexema" cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and removes pimples, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash; but it is just as useful for burns, bruises, blisters, insect bites, and skin irritation due to acid perspiration; and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. "Antexema" is the most wonderful skin help and cleanser that medical science has produced, and it should find a place in every home and on every dressing-table. For every purpose for which cold cream or any other preparation is used "Antexema" is far more valuable because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

A lady at Brighton who gives her full name and address and signs herself "A Grateful Mother," writes as follows:—

"I am writing to inform you of the great cure 'Antexema' has worked for my little son, aged three years. He has been a terrible sufferer from eczema from his birth. He has been one mass of humour and has been under the treatment of several doctors, but all failed. I had given up hope of ever seeing him well when I commenced using 'Antexema,' and with the finish of the first bottle I could see that great relief it afforded, and persevered until he was completely cured. Everyone that has seen him says what a marvellous cure it has proved."

"Antexema" will cure Baby's skin troubles.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or will be sent direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. Read our illustrated family handbook, entitled "Skin Troubles," which will be sent post free to readers of *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema," if the paper is returned, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Letters should be sent to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W. Write at once.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

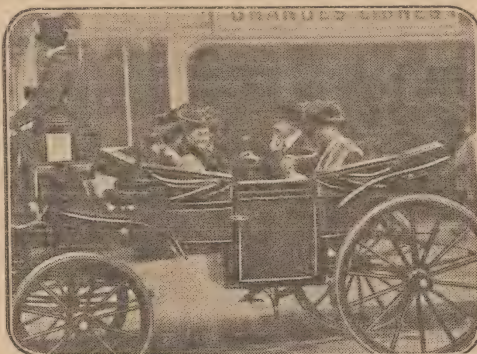
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Eugen Sandow, the Great Apostle of Physical Culture, Arrives in England from India.

Mr. Eugen Sandow, whose portrait appears in the centre, having spread his wonderful gospel of physical culture in India, Japan, and the United States, returned yesterday to London to renew, on a wider scale, his work in England.



En route for England, from India. Eugen Sandow and his wife leaving their hotel in Paris for a day's shopping.



Mr. and Mrs. Sandow driving through the streets of Paris.



Mrs. Sandow wishes to purchase some jewellery in the Rue de la Paix.



In Paris a favourite morning stroll of Mr. and Mrs. Sandow was on the Boulevards.



Mr. and Mrs. Sandow leaving their hotel for the railway station to catch the English boat train.

SPOILS FROM THE HEDGEROWS—HOMELY RECIPES THAT ARE WORTH A TRIAL.

THE STORE CUPBOARD.

INEXPENSIVE LUXURIES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

Other treasures besides blackberries are now to be found in the hedges. Though crab-apples may not be plentiful this year, every kind of berry seems to be. The mountain ash is ablaze with its gorgeous red fruit, which may with little trouble be converted into a most delightful wine. There is also a rich harvest on the elderberry bushes, and in the chilly winter a glass of elderberry wine will be found most soothing, and if taken the last thing at night is excellent as a remedy for colds or chills.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.

INGREDIENTS:—Allow one pint of water to each pound and a half of crab-apples, allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice.

Wipe the apples, but do not peel them. Put them in a pan with water in the given proportion, and boil them till they begin to break, but not long enough to make them in a mash. Next pour all into a jelly-bag. Measure the juice which runs through, and put it into a preserving pan with sugar in the given proportion. Stir it over the fire till a little of the syrup when allowed to get cold on a plate forms a jelly. Then pour it in small pots, and when it is cold cover it with parchment paper. If necessary add a few drops of cochineal to the jelly, but usually this is not needed.

ROWAN WINE.

INGREDIENTS:—Rowan berries (commonly called mountain ash berries), loaf sugar—a pound to each gallon of liquid, ginger—half an ounce to each gallon of liquid, boiling water.

The berries should be ripe and dry. Pick them from the stalks, put them into a large pan, and pour over them enough boiling water to cover them. Let them stand for four days, then draw off the liquid, taking care not to disturb the crust which will have formed on the surface. Measure the liquid and add to it crushed loaf sugar and whole ginger in the given proportion. Stir it occasionally until all the sugar has dissolved. Put it into a cask and leave it for ten or twelve days to ferment. When it has stopped fermenting and the liquid is still, cork the cask down tightly and leave it for six months. Then strain the wine into bottles, cork them tightly, and keep them in a cool, dry place.

ELDERBERRY WINE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a peck of elderberries, six quarts of boiling water. To each quart of juice allow three pounds of loaf sugar, half an ounce of ground ginger, six allspice, four cloves, one pound of raisins, half an ounce of compressed yeast.

Stalk the berries and put them into a large vessel with the water, cover it closely, and leave it for twenty-four hours. Then strain it through a wire sieve without pressing the fruit. Measure the liquid and put it in a large pan with the raisins and sugar and spice in the above proportions. Boil it gently for one hour, then skim it well and let it stand till it is merely warm. Next pour it into a cask or large jar, add to it either two table-spoonfuls of brewer's yeast or half an ounce of compressed yeast (if using the latter spread it on a slice of toast) to each eight quarts. Leave it till it has stopped fermenting, which will probably be

Lace, combined with velvet, is the latest form fashionable dressmaking takes. One of the beautiful dresses Miss Ellie Jeffreys wears in "The Love Path" is illustrated here, all of lovely white lace, with bands of white velvet as an adornment.



ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

His name was great enough; the money would do the rest. I sent for my father and told him that I had changed my mind. I would marry the man he had chosen for me. But, oh, Carlo, all the time I was mad. My soul was in hell!

He bent down and put his arms round her, as she paused, panting and sobbing at the very memory of that black despair. He soothed her and whispered tender words, kissed her tears away, and stroked her hair.

"My poor, poor little Fairy. If I had only known how you suffered, I would have saved enough money to send you to the States and even write to you. But tell me the rest. You never meant to marry this man?"

She wiped her eyes, and went on in a calmer voice:

"On that first night I don't know what I meant. I tell you, I was mad. I did not think of the law; bigamy was a mere word to me. I thought of nothing but you. I had played me false, but that you had not trusted me. But the next day I recovered my reason—a little. I began to understand. I told myself what you had told me, that you were not a free agent, that you must pay the penalty of your position, and that, as I had the privilege of loving you, I must pay it, too. But how black the world was to me! I can expect to make you understand. Well, nothing happened. My father, it appeared, although he could purchase almost anything, could not buy Lord Blaquart's son. I respected the young man, although I had never seen him. He refused to buy back his castle. Days passed. I forgot all about my promise to my father that I would marry Mr. Dangerville. I had no thought but for you. I lived in a sort of melancholy dream, and you

gave me no sign, and I told myself that all was over, and that I should never see you again.

"Then, one day, my father told me that Mr. Dangerville was willing to marry me, and, from that moment, one fixed idea took possession of my brain. You will think it mad and fantastic. So it was; but it seemed to me all that was left. I waited until I had seen Mr. Dangerville. He was to come to the castle one morning. I went out on purpose and met him in the grounds, and talked to him without his knowing who I was. I found him what I had guessed, what I had expected—utterly nice and utterly worthy of the great inheritance that was his by right. And from that moment I played my comedy."

"What comedy?" asked the Grand Duke quickly, with a flash in his blue eyes.

"The comedy of being engaged to him. Carlo, women know some things without being told. I knew almost immediately that for some good reason he had suddenly consented to sell his name for my father's gold. I soon found out; a woman of the neighbourhood told me. He had loved a girl; she had didn't care; I would pretend to marry him over because he was poor. At once we became comrades, although he did not know it. I liked him because he loved that other girl, and was as indifferent to me as if I did not exist. We had only one motive between us. He would marry me and restore his family, because he had loved and lost and didn't care; I would pretend to marry him for the same reason. The fact is, I took a fancy to him. I was glad to be the instrument that restored to him what was his by right."

"I don't understand," said the Grand Duke, breathing hard.

"Well, you see, Carlo, my father's terms were, in a way, very generous. When the marriage contract was signed, he made over to Mr. Dangerville Balliol Castle and two million pounds sterling, absolutely and without condition. That gave him back his inheritance and made him a rich man. And

that was what I wanted, because I liked him, because he had suffered, as I had."

"Well, and you were going through with the farce!" The Grand Duke's eyes were steely. He had risen to his feet and was pacing up and down the room.

"I was going through with the farce, Carlo. I had quite made up my mind. I had had an explanation with Mr. Dangerville. He understood that our lives were to be lived quite separately. Oh, he understood—and he was only too glad. I was going through with the farce of the ceremony. I was going to marry him, all in good order, so that the castle and the money should be unconditionally his, and, on the night of my mock wedding day, I—I was going to kill myself."

He rushed to her side, and folded her in his arms, strained her to his breast.

"No, Carlo, not that! Not that!"

"Yes. I had arranged everything. I had nothing left to live for. I would die. My last action on earth should be to restore to this nice young man his castle and his lands. I thought in a vague way that that would purchase my pardon. I had made all my arrangements. I should be found, poisoned, leaving a document to show that I had done it myself, and nothing could prevent Richard Dangerville from having what had been made over to him."

"But you did not do it!" cried the Grand Duke. "The dear, good God be praised, you did not do it!"

"No, Carlo." She spoke dreamily, with her cheek against his. "But all my arrangements were complete. The marriage was solemnised; guests came and went; my father, my brother—all went, and left us alone in the castle—Richard Dangerville and I. After dinner we sat and talked—then I went to my own rooms, alone. He understood. And I went to my rooms with the intention of taking my life."

(To be continued.)

at the end of a fortnight. Cork the cask tightly and leave for three months. Then pour it into bottles, cork them tightly, and the wine is ready for use.

Eye-Strain



Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE TREATMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

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In Prizes to the readers of this paper for sending me the names and addresses of people who have not yet had one of my sample Lord's Prayer Rings. If you would like one of these sample rings, send stamped envelope for full particulars, together with postal order for 6/- to E. H. HARRIS, The Wire Kite, Winter Gdns., Blackpool.

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